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PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

1787

Division

Section

Rich^d Woodhull
The hiding Place

¹
Hail! sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail! matchless free & sovereign Grace,
That gave from wrath a Hiding place.

²
Long time 'gainst him, who built the Sky,
I fought with hands up-lifted high;
Deffied the mention of that Grace;
Too proud for such a Hiding Place.

³
Inthrall'd in thick egyptian night,
More fond of darkness, than of Light,
Blindly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a Hiding Place.

⁴
But thus eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love arrest the Man.
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no Hiding Place.

⁵
Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew.
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain has no Hiding Place.

⁶
behind
Then a voice I heard,
And mercy-angel's form appear'd;
Lo! here it said & bid me haste
To Jesus for a Hiding Place.

⁷
Thus turn'd about, on way I led
To where the dying Lamb had bled;
God's love shone brightly on his face,
And mark'd his out a Hiding Place.

On him eternal vengeance fell,
 Which else had cros'd mankind to Hell;
 He beare it for his chosen race,
 And thus became a hiding Place.

9
 Here in the mansions of the blest,
 O may my Soul forever rest;
 Whose God shines forth in Jesus Name,
 O let this be my hiding Place.

10
 Should storms of seven fold thun^{der} roll,
 And shock the north, & Southern pole;
 No thunder bolt can daunt my Name,
 While Jesus is my hiding Place.

11
 Whilst under covert of this rock,
 There, & nought my confidence can shake;
 I've nought to boast but that disgrace,
 Which fell upon this hiding Place.

12

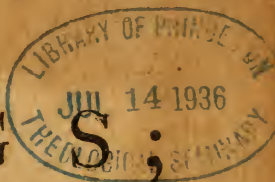
Since then a covert he doth prove;
 Be my heart inspir'd with love,
 To all, who openly embrace
 The doctrine of that hiding Place.

13

Roll on then, Sun, in rapid haste,
 And bring me to that constant feast,
 Where mirthful songs of sovereign Grace
 Are sung to him, the hiding Place.

C H R I S T I A N

S O N G S ;



W R I T T E N B Y

Mr. *JOHN GLAS*, and others.

*From the uttermost Part of the Earth have we heard Songs,
Glory to the RIGHTEOUS ONE. Isa. xxiv. 16.*

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

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CHRISTIAN SONGS.

S O N G I.

 LESS'D be the day, Fair Charity,
When, with a SAVIOUR's name,
On earth with blooming grace adorn'd,
A heavenly guest you came.

2 Born of no man, to none on earth
Thy heav'nly birth thou owes :
Sprung from thy God, in thy bright charms
His glorious image glows.

3 True as the object to the glass,
With him you wake your fire ;
Frown when he frowns, hate what he hates,
And what he loves, desire.

4 On ev'ry chosen human breast,
Thou stamp'st with work divine,
The form of God, and bid'st a heav'n
In ev'ry bosom shine.

5 The beggar basking in thy beams,
Forgets his miseries :
Hark ! lonely widows sing to thee,
And shouts from orphans rise.

6 Diffuse thy beams, and teach my heart
With genial warmth to glow :
For lo, without thy heav'nly aid,
In vain my numbers flow.

7 Could I with elocution speak,
 Transcending human tongue ;
 And could I sing in strains more sweet
 Than ever angel sung ;

8 And did not Charity inspire,
 And raise herself my voice,
 My flowing verse were empty sound,
 " My eloquence were noise."

9 Yea, had I faith to weary racks,
 And pass unhurt thro' flame ;
 And did not Charity inspire,
 My labours were in vain.

10 'Tis love which plumes the wings of Hope,
 And bids her strength exert ;
 Which brings our faith from sound to things,
 From fancy to the heart.

11 A time shall come, when constant Faith
 And patient Hope shall die ;
 One lost in certainty of sight,
 " And one dissolv'd in joy."

12 But thou shalt last, when these no more
 Shall warm the pilgrim's breast,
 Or open on his dying eyes
 His long-expected rest :

13 Thy unextinguish'd ray shall burn
 Thro' death, unchang'd thy frame :
 Thy lamp shall triumph o'er the grave.
 With uncorrupted flame.

14 The divine lover and his spouse
 To rest thy lamp shall light,
 Profuse with heav'nly bliss divine,
 And pregnant with delight.

S O N G II.

BEHOLD divine free Grace arise,
 Outshining all the thoughts of man!
 Sov'reign, preventing, all surprize
 To him who neither will'd nor ran;

2 Grand as the bosom whence it flow'd
 Kind as the heart that gave it vent,
 Rich as the gift which God bestow'd,
 And lovely like the Christ he sent.

3 Did the imperial law of Death,
 For one man's sin, his whole race doom,
 And all who draw the human breath,
 Tho' sinning not like him, inhume!

4 Ev'n here the sov'reign sway of Grace
 Shines with superior pow'r to save,
 Than sin to damn, which doom'd the race
 To one wide universal grave.

5 Sin reign'd to Death; but over Sin
 And Death, with more imperial sway,
 Grace spreads her more extensive reign,
 And doth eternal life convey.

6 Grace, by a righteousness, doth reign,
 Wrought in the bloody death of God;
 Where Sin is spoil'd; so Grace doth reign
 In all the worth of divine blood.

7 Since Sin first slew the human race,
 An host of daily sins pursues
 Man to a second death; but Grace
 Steps sov'reign forward, and rescues;

8 Life more abundant we possess
 O second man ! than *Adam* lost ;
 An earthly prospect crown'd his bliss ;
 We reigning heav'nly pleasures boast :

9 And as our God's obedience, *free*,
 And blood divine, excel by far
 Man's *due*, abstaining from one tree ;
 So great's the life thy children share.

10 We, bowing, sing thy death, so strong
 As all our souls from death defends :
 Shout, ye redeem'd ; for hear your song
 Begins, and never never ends.



S O N G I I I.

SHALL earth-born man with God contend,
 To him his parts display ;
 Hold his dim beaming reason up,
 And rival his full day ?

2 Form'd by his hand, so might a bowl
 Against the potter speak ;
 Ask why for baser use design'd,
 Why fitted up to break ?

3 Did God thy reason frame, to tax
 His attributes divine ;
 Or was it to insure his wrath,
 And make damnation thine ?

4 Do men presumptuous rush on God,
 With guilt deform'd, and foul ;
 Ask for that favour they deserve,
 And bid his thunder roll ?

5 Speak not of worth, nor cloud his grace,
 But let his mercy shine :

Mercy's a stranger to thy worth,
All sov'reign, all divine !

6 He wills, for why ? because he wills,
To save the sinking soul :
Nor can the whole creation's pow'r
His sov'reign will controul.

7 Hail ! sov'reign Grace, divinely bright,
Beneath whose ample wing,
The guilty myriads raise their voice,
Th' angelic myriads sing !

8 Sin's in the picture, but the shade,
To make thy features rise
In all the charms of God, and shew
Th' Almighty to our eyes.

9 When awful justice threat'ning, flames
With un auspicious ray ;
Thou tak'st the sinner by the hand,
And wip'st his tears away :

10 For thee a thousand songs await,
A thousand ages shine,
Start forth to view, and cry aloud,
Eternity is thine.

S O N G IV.

PRAISE ye JEHOVAH's love and grace
To *Adam's* guilty wretched race ;
Sing of this love, the spring and rise
Of all his counsels, great and wise.

2 For all his works, his creatures all,
Their being and original
Owe to this love ; and there, again,
They tend, as rivers to the main.

3 What else is evil but the shade,
By wisdom in the picture laid,
To make this grace arise, and shew
Its brightest glory to our view ?

4 Our God is love ; his wrath, be sure,
Is flaming love, which shines most pure ;
And stands oppos'd, as mid-day light
To gloomy darkness of the night.

5 This goodness, as a deep abyss,
All working outward, full of bliss,
Was making for itself a vent
Well suited to its vast extent ;

6 By which it might with freedom flow,
And all its fulness there bestow,
Where it should have an endless rest :
God's wisdom here prevents our quest.

7 What is capacious to receive
Unbounded love, if bounds it have ?
Or where is found an object meet
For grace and mercy infinite ?

8 Not all the things which could be made,
A proper match among them had
For boundless love, which goes not forth
To objects limited in worth.

9 Neither can all created things
Pass for its fruit (*the gift it brings*)
When the intention is to shew,
By *giving*, all that grace can do :

10 Nor yet could sin-forgiving grace,
'Mong all the creatures find a place,
While all was good, no room could be
For mercy's aid to misery.

11 But Love, which is the only God,
Had always being and abode,
Whole in each one of loving Three,
All blest'd in Love's society.

12 One of these Three, with all his worth,
To union near with men goes forth ;
So join'd to them, that, in his name,
A right to all this love they claim.

13 But, first, they're doom'd for sin to wo,
That he for them might undergo
Their curse, and so might fully prove
Th' infinite *jealousy* of Love :

14 And at the same time manifest
Mercy relieving the distressed ;
Mercy, all sov'reign, and all free,
Saving from boundless misery.

15 He's unto them the fruit of love,
The *gift* which can its greatness prove ;
And ev'ry gift which grace bestows
Is God-like as from him it flows.

16 And he's the *object* ; it goes forth
On them made perfect in his worth ;
All built in him, one mansion meet,
Where God's love ever dwells complete.

17 Let *Wisdom*, therefore, be his name ;
The spring of wisdom him proclaim :
Call him the *Word*, who can express
God's goodness all, and fully bless.

18 Call him the Father's only Son,
Son of his love ; in him alone
The *Spirit's* fulness all can dwell,
Who is our great *Immanuel*.

S O N G V.

FOOLS worship gods who hate not sin,
 Nor saving power have :
 Our God, the living and the true,
 Can both be just and save.

2 The *just God* and the *Saviour*, is
 His character alone :
 His throne is fix'd in righteousness,
 And Grace reigns on the throne.

3 Man's life, which in God's favour lies,
 Is stung to death by sin ;
 All his attempts to heal himself,
 The deadly sting drive in :

4 That God who wounds, alone can heal
 The mortal wound he gave :
 In Jesus, dead and rais'd, we see
 God's pow'r and skill to save.

5 Hast thou to buy the just God's grace ?
 Or know'st thou what to give ?
 First Justice slew his only Son,
 Ere Grace could make us live.

6 Know, then, on no precarious ground
 Stand Grace and Life to men ;
 For life now reigns in God's dear Son,
 For us by Justice slain.

7 This is the only true God ; this
 Is life eternal, sure :
 Then, little children, keep yourselves
 From ev'ry idol pure.

SONG VI. PART I.

ETERNAL love's the darling song,
Well-pleasing to JEHOVAH's ear;
Attend, ye fav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
With all your grateful harps drawn near:

- 2 'Tis yours to sing th' eternal date
Of love divine, and how it moves
To helpless man, with gladness great:
Sing loud, for God the song approves.
- 3 Hail, *Bethleh'm!* hail! that ruddy morn,
Whose rays adorn the infant God,
JEHOVAH of a virgin born,
Who righteousness and life bestow'd.
- 4 For us salvation wide displays
Her ample all-refreshing wing;
Safe in the shade, that love we praise,
And all its peerless glories sing:
- 5 We sing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood which cries for peace;
Heav'n echoes back, I'm pleas'd in thee;
And Wrath to Mercy now gives place.
- 6 From this dread object flows our joy,
Here all the majesty and worth,
And love of God, without alloy,
In brightest splendor do shine forth.
- 7 We sing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from sin;
Who cannot taste the cure which heals
The deadly smart of wrath divine.
- 8 As food the hungry soul relieves,
As choice perfumes delight the smell;

So Mercy from the cross revives
 Man sinking in the jaws of hell :

9 The wonders of Christ's blood arise
 Bright in the drooping wretches view :
 Astonished with the dear surprize,
 His joyful transport who can shew ?

PART II.

THY love, O Jesus ! is a theme
 Which never never old shall grow ,
 All ages of the church proclaim
 How sweetly did its numbers flow :

2 Down from the birth of infant Time,
 Thro' *Eve*, *Abra'am*, and *David's* line,
 Thy love doth run in strains sublime,
 And running with new glories shine ;

3 Till thou wast found a babe, O God !
 When angels throng'd to join our lay ;
 Until thy love, in streams of blood,
 Did all its wealthy store display.

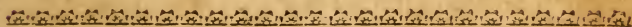
4 At thy ascent, the spacious heav'n
 All round re-echo'd with this theme,
 When from the throne the word was giv'n,
 " Let all the angels praise his name."

5 At thy return, eternal fame
 From all the saints shall sound to thee,
 On banks of *Eden's* cheering stream,
 Beneath the life-restoring tree.

PART III.

THY love makes us count all things loss
 To scorn'd poverty gives charms ;

- Makes martyrs bold ev'n on the cross,
And, singing triumph, reach thy arms.
- 2 When thy love glows upon the heart,
Disgrace forgets her shocking name,
Afflictions lose their deadly smart,
And Patience smiles amidst the flame ;
- 3 Salvation sounds from racks and stakes,
Hope blunts the sword's devouring edge ;
Severest torture joy partakes,
Of heav'nly bliss the welcome pledge.
- 4 Broad heav'n and earth shall sing of thee,
And their melodious numbers raise :
We'll make thy name rememb'ed be,
Th' eternal centre of all praise.
- 5 Sing all ye bright angelic pow'rs ;
Ye sons of Mercy, praise your King ;
The burden of the song is yours :
Let wide creation chorus sing.
- 6 And, O ! to join that heav'nly strain,
Admit poor us, who say no more,
But, *Jesus dy'd, and rose again ;*
And all our toil for life is o'er.



S O N G VII.

DESCEND, fair Hope (tho' heav'nly born,
Thou visit'st human race),
And let us in thy sacred glass
Survey our Saviour's face.

- 2 Let songs for e'er crown that morn,
When, new to life again,

Immanuel rose, and sent thee down,
Full fraught with life to men.

3 Tho' man, in *Eden*, was of old
With heav'nly visits blest;
More happy they to dwell with whom
Descends this heav'nly guest:

4 For them a fairer *Eden* shines,
And on their wond'ring eyes
The riches of their smiling God
In larger prospects rise.

5 Led by thy hand, celestial Hope,
How oft, at thy desire,
Has man encounter'd shame and want,
Nor shrunk to pass through fire?

6 See, gazing on the ample joys
Which wait a happier day,
How the pale famish'd visage smiles,
And poverty looks gay!

7 O happy they whose dying eyes
By thy blest'd hands are seal'd!
In hope of life they sleep, and wake
To see that life reveal'd.

8 Let others bound their life, and joys,
In what's to earth confin'd:
Take wing, ye saints, and soar with Hope
To pleasures more refin'd;

9 Where Jesus waits to crown your flight
With transport in his face,
And where th' eternal arms unfold
To meet your dear embrace.

10 But what is Hope, and what is Faith?
But fainter stars of night,

To guide the pilgrim thro' the shade,
Till dawns the morning light.

11 O ! let the morning-star arise,
And usher in the day
With brighter beams ; then paler lights
And shadows fly away.

S O N G VIII.

WHERE shall the guilty who hath lost
The divine favour by his sin,
Find worth, which he can safely trust,
A righteousness to glory in ?

2 How calm his guilty conscience' fears ?
What shall he work, what shall he feel ?
He wearies heav'n with pray'rs and tears :
But, ah ! there's something lacking still.

3 Behold the cross ! the blood divine
Which there for sons of wrath was spilt !
Here's worth enough to glory in,
Enough to purge the foulest guilt.

4 When fond experiences are gone,
All frames and feelings blown to air,
The cross remains your boast alone ;
For all your righteousness is there :

5 Is guilt your burden ? from the cross
Springs glorious liberty to you :
Or would you worldly lusts oppose ?
The cross victorious stands to view.

6 Would ye like Jesus shine, when he
In glory comes the second time ?
Mark well his aspect on the tree ;
Take up the cross and follow him.

S O N G. IX.

MELCHIZEDECK, immortal priest!
 O'er peace and righteousness doth reign,
 O Most High God, before thy face,
 And glory fills the bless'd domain :

2 For now the strife is at an end,
 'Twixt sinners, righteous God and thee,
 How thou should'st make the guilty bless'd
 Yet just and righteous herein be.

3 To end this strife God interpos'd,
 His dread and solemn oath : He swore,
 To consecrate the only Son
 Of God a priest forever more.

4 With sacrifice his hand was fill'd,
 In God's own presence to appear,
 With blood divine shed from himself,
 Most precious, and forever dear.

5 No more a sinful mortal priest,
 With dying breath for sin atones ;
 Nor stands confessing his own guilt,
 Nor dies succeeded by his sons :

6 No more the blood of bulls and goats
 Sprinkles the earthly holy place ;
 No more in tinsel'd glory stands
 A sinful mortal begging grace.

S O N G X.

TO thee, O Jesus ! is my pray'r .
 Who mankind by thy death hast sav'd,
 And to the holiest of all
 A new and living way hast pav'd.

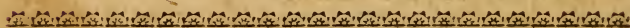
- 2 Rescue me from myself, O Lord ;
Break Satan's pow'r within my soul ;
And let not worldly lusts me rule,
But by thy spirit them controul.
- 3 Tho' red as crimson are my sins,
Thy blood can make them white as snow :
If thou but speak'st the word, then straight
My soul shall vanquish'd see its foe.
- 4 Most precious Faith, thou purchas'd hast,
And love which never fades away,
And Hope which soars on swiftest wing,
Breathing for everlasting day.
- 5 Teach me thou meek and lowly One,
To learn of thee this world to scorn,
Thy cross to make my only boast :
Humility let me adorn.
- 6 Let faith of things not seen as yet,
And fear of evils slow but sure,
And love of truth, and hope of bliss
Unmerited, my soul secure.

S O N G XI.

THANKS to that love, which gave us God
To bleed, to purge our sin ;
Who in the worth of his own blood,
The heav'ns hath enter'd in ;

- 2 And to the holiest of all
Hath consecrate a way,
To enter thro' the rended veil,
And grateful worship pay.

- 3 Here ends all search, our God to please ;
 We'll work for life no more ;
 This blood gives ev'ry conscience ease ;
 'Tis balm for ev'ry sore.
- 4 Bless'd are the people who are taught
 By sov'reign Grace to stand ;
 In righteousness they have not wrought,
 Nor touch'd it with their hand.
- 5 Turn, ev'ry wounded conscience, here
 Our bleeding God survey :
 God from the glorious sufferer :
 Hath turn'd his wrath away.
- 6 Here's access to the Father's face
 Thro' Jesus' wounds and blood :
 At the blood-sprinkled throne of Grace
 Adore the living God.



S O N G XII. PART I.

- G**OD's mercies we will ever sing,
 And tell the wonders of his grace :
 Eternal love, we'll view thy spring,
 The marvels of that love rehearse.
- 2 Forever hallow'd be thy name,
 Fair Mercy in the blood of God ;
 Sweet to the soul which feels the pain
 Of guilt, th' intolerable load.
- 3 Sinners behold our suff'ring God ;
 See ! with yon cry his soul is gone :
 View him, by wrath divine pursu'd,
 Until he loudly cries, *'Tis done !*
- 4 Extol that Grace, ye saints, which gave
 The spotless holy one and just,

To devils rage and to a grave :
And mix'd with blood of God the dust.

5 His soul with dreadful anguish fill'd
Unutterable torments felt ;
His conscience pure became defil'd
With sin, and made his heart to melt.

6 What wonder then, if thro' his love,
Our souls now purg'd from ev'ry stain,
Partake the peace of God, and prove
In us, that Christ dy'd not in vain ?

7 O Jesus ! now how mercy flows !
What blotting out of sin is here !
God to thy wounded conscience shows
No mercy, till 'its fully clear

8 Of all our horrid guilt, made thine ;
Until thy unexampled love,
Thy blameless innocence divine,
And bloody death that guilt remove.

9 Mercy was far, dear Lord, from thee,
When God frown'd on thy parting soul ;
When in thy latest agony,
His wrath into thy heart did roll.

10 O God ! thy wrath o'erwhelm'd thy Son,
And pierc'd that soul most dear to thee,
That sinners unto thee might come,
The chief of sinners such as we.

PART II.

SINNERS of ev'ry tribe behold
The price of ev'ry kind of sin,
God's various wrath and manifold,
For various guilt met all on him.

- 2 What millions' sins that death atones !
When God himself in blood expir'd,
A whole burnt-offering, at once
The whole of what our God requir'd.
- 3 Behold ye hypocrites the man,
Ev'n in the eye of God, sincere ;
Ye covetous behold *him*, than
The fox have less, or birds of th' air.
- 4 Ye who seek honour and a name
See Christ's mock-robe, and crown of thorn ;
Whom angels worship fill'd with shame,
A mock-king, in contempt and scorn.
- 5 Proud self-conceited sinner see
His spirit lowly, meek, and mild :
Malicious, stand condemn'd, when ye
See Jesus made a little child.
- 6 Ye who love pleasures, hear his cries,
Behold his agony how great !
See falling from him to the ground,
Like heavy drops of blood, his sweat.
- 7 Backsliders wonder at this grace,
And blush to think how Jesus stood
Unshaken, crying in your place,
Why hast thou left me, O my God !
- 8 He shrunk not in that fatal hour,
When our accurs'd backslidings all
O'erwhelm'd his soul replete with love,
And fill'd his bitter cup with gall.
- 9 MERCY's the guilty sinner's plea,
In its Almighty broad extent !
Sweet to our souls forever be
The grace which gave that mercy vent.

10 O may that mercy to the end

Be ours, which all the saints do claim ;
Which; how we share, is all explain'd,
When we O Jesus ! know thy name.



S O N G XIII.

WHEN this great world was fram'd of God,
And earth carv'd out for our abode ;
When all these orbs their course began,
And in harmonious order ran ;

2 When God had laid the corner-stone,
And rested in his works now done ;
The morning-stars together sang,
The heav'ns with tuneful echoes rang.

3 The sons of God a shout did raise,
To see the fabric speak his praise ;
The pow'rs of fire, of light, and air,
Express'd his godhead ev'ry where.

4 But chiefly in the corner-stone,
In man, his image brightest shone :
A creature, fit to take delight
With him in all his works of might.

5 But, ah ! this harmony e'er long
Stopt short.—Sin enter'd—marr'd the song :
Infected first the corner-head,
Then quick thro' all the building spread.

6 No human skill could e'er avail
This fretting leprosy to heal ;
No creature's blood, no mortal priest,
Could purge away the noxious pest ;

7 Dread ruin, loursing from on high,
With all her bolts of wrath, drew nigh ;

Till that blest'd day, decreed of heav'n,
When from the dead to us was given,

8 The Lord in human likeness, made
More fit the works of God to head,
Then any being could be found
In all the wide creation round.

9 This glorious *Immanuel*
With wretched man vouchsaf'd to dwell,
Took on himself our leprosy,
And felt its worst malignity :

10 Shut out from God, and *Isr'el's* camp,
His spirit felt a fearful damp :
With our plagues fill'd, a loathsome cup
Was giv'n to him ;—he drank it up.

11 This draught, invenom'd with the curse,
Soon left him breathless on the cross ;
The blood gush'd from his peirc'd side,
And first himself it purify'd.

12 Then having sprinkled ev'ry stone,
He, as head-corner was laid on :
Thus, of God's temple ev'ry whit,
Speaks forth his praise, in Christ compleat.

13 Two guiltless birds were captive led
To paint this truth ; the one was bled ;
One dipt in blood, to heav'n let loose :
That blood restor'd th' unhallow'd house.

14 The whole creation evermore
Stands now more glorious than before,
Knit by a corner-stone, through which
No evil can the building touch.

15 Ye morning-stars renew your notes,
Triumphing o'er all Satan's plots,

in concert with the church of God,
Who shew the worth of Jesus' blood.

6 Sin's but a pause put in your song,
To make the following notes more strong ;
The Just, the Saviour, shines more bright
Than in the fire, the air, the light.

S O N G X I V .

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was wav'd ;
And Christ, first-fruits of them who slept,
Was from the dead receiv'd ;

2 In name of all for whom he dy'd,
That after him they may
Rise when he comes, a harvest full
Of life that lasts for aye.

3 And, as the truth of the first-fruits,
The Spirit came, this day
Of that glad feast, a comforter
With us on earth to stay ;

4 An earnest of th' inheritance,
Ev'n that same heav'nly rest,
Where Jesus ent'ring, hath from thence
Us with the first-fruits blest.

5 Then let us keep the day of rest :
Our works for us are done :
The seventh day Sabbath is no more ;
The earthly rest is gone.

6 To th' heav'nly rest let's follow him,
Whose death hath pay'd the way ;
And, with the whole creation, groan
For that redemption-day.

S O N G X V.

THY worthiness is all our song,
 O Lamb of God ! for thou wast slain ;
 And by thy blood bought'st us to God,
 Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue ;
 To our God mad'st us kings and priests,
 And we shall reign upon the earth.

2 Salvation to our God, who shines
 In face of Jesus on the throne,
 The only just and merciful :
 Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
 With loud voice, all the church ascribes ;
Amen ! say angels round the throne.

3 To him who lov'd us, and ^{*hath*} wash'd
 Us from our own sins in his own blood,
 And who hath made us kings and priests,
 To his own Father and his God,
 The glory and dominion be
 To him eternally. *Amen !*

S O N G X V I *.

IN this one act redemption shines !
 In all its parts compleat ;
 Eternal Love ! all thy designs
 Here view'd at once do meet.

2 This shews the covenant of peace
 Firm seal'd, and ratify'd :
 Here opens all that store of grace
 By which we're justify'd.

* This Song refers to the Lord's Supper.

- 3 Here God invariably Just
And holy doth appear ;
Here he shines forth the Jealous God,
Who clearing doth not clear.
- 4 Great God ! did e'er thy Justice shine
With such unfully'd flame,
As when the Son of God for sin
A sacrifice became ?
- 5 When we this broken body see,
And this shed blood behold ;
Tho' vile, O holy God ! to thee
Approaching, we are bold.
- 6 For now, thy throne, firnam'd of *grace*,
No longer doth affright :
Thy, satiate *Justice* now gives place
To *Mercy* thy delight.
- 7 Because th' all-worthy Son of God
His brethren's flesh put on ;
And their whole guilt (a dreadful load) !
Accounted as his own.
- 8 Each sin of theirs' fill'd his pure soul
With agonies of shame ;
To purge their souls, which were most foul,
And clear them from all blame.
- 9 What anguish must the Father's wrath
Give such a loving Son !
The blot of guilt was double death
To this most holy One :
- 10 Conscious of all his brethren's sins,
Before the righteous God

He groans : his sweat falls to the ground,
Like heavy drops of blood.

11 God saw our guilt collected meet
On Jesus in our name ;
His fury burnt with fervent heat,
His jealousy did flame ;

12 At once, to shew his vengeance just,
He summon'd all his wrath ;
Indignant glory rose ; he curst,
And frown'd the Lord to death.

13 This spreads our table, fills our cup,
Salvation without bound !
The frown is past !——Now joy's laid up
Our suff'ring God to crown !

14 Shall e'er the vilest sinner, clad
In all his worth, Great God !
Be damn'd ? No.—Thou canst ne'er forget
The cry of Jesus' blood.

S O N G XVII.

SAY, Faith, who bleeds on yonder tree ?
Know'st thou that visage marr'd and torn ?
My Lord, my God ! Ye angels, see
Your dread Creator crown'd with thorn !

2 Step nearer ; view these ghastly wounds !
See how his yearning bowels move !
See how his breaking heart abounds
With streaming pledges of his love !

3 Lord ! what are *we*, that *we* are lov'd
Till wrath pour on thee all its storms ?
Thou grasp'st us fast in death unmov'd ;
Nor hell can tear us from thy arms.

- 4 Hark ! ah ! that mournful loud complaint !
 To his forsaking God he cries !
 His horrors shake the earth ! lo ! rent
 The vail ! the sun in darkness dies.
- 5 With horror, nature, see thy God,
 Who bade thee be, groan and expire !
 Mourn sun ; at his almighty nod
 Thy beams shot first refulgent fire.
- 6 Astonish'd earth with trembling shook ;
 Rocks' dreadful bosoms burst and rend ;
 The holy elect angels stoop ;
 And all in silence wait the end.
- 7 Justice divine ! for all we owe,
 Tho' sums immense are multiply'd,
 A broad discharge, blood-seal'd, we'll show :
 " 'Tis finish'd !" Jesus said, and dy'd.

S O N G XVIII.

- T**H O' loads of guilt oppress my soul,
 And make me to complain ;
 Tho' floods of sorrows on me roll,
 And cause me cry for pain ;
- 2 Tho' wretched and distress'd I am,
 All darkness and all fear ;
 And tho' I see myself shut out
 From life, and hell appear ;
- 3 One ray of light, shot from the sun
 Of righteousness, can warm
 My frozen soul, restore the day,
 And all my fears disarm.
- 4 'Tis his to bring reviving warmth,
 Where coldness sat before,

And usher in the day on those
Who mourn'd in darkness fore.

5 Thus light'ned, I lift my head,
And cast my eyes around,
With joy behold the glorious scenes
Which in the day abound.

6 I'm pleas'd, and happy, and lay down
To bask me in his rays ;
And wish no intervening cloud
May hide him from my eyes.

S O N G X I X .

WHILE I my merit all explore,
To ease my conscience wounded fore ;
That fruitless task, thou say'st, give o'er,
And take up the cross, and follow me.

2 For I in place of sinners stood
A spotless sacrifice to God,
To purge their conscience, by my blood ;
Then take up the cross, and follow me.

3 All righteousness is fully wrought ;
The Ransom's paid, Salvation bought :
Partake rest to thy soul for nought,
And take up the cross, and follow me.

4 When guilt, with agonizing pain,
Thy conscience wounds, behold me slain ;
Lo ! I from death am brought again ;
Then take up the cross, and follow me.

5 Fear not, o'er hell and death I reign ;
Your griefs I bear, I feel your pain ;
Because I live, your life obtain ;
Then take up the cross, and follow me.

6 'Twas Jesus spoke ; the thrilling sound
A balsam was to ev'ry wound ;
Thy voice gave life, and pow'r I found,
To take up the cross, and follow thee.

7 A flood of joy, till now unknown,
O'erwhelm'd my heart, and fill'd my tongue ;
My soul dwelt on that melting song,
I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.

8 What glory saw I now in him,
Who shed his blood to purge all sin ;
Salvation swell'd my soul to brim !
I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.

9 By faith, O Jesus, let me rise,
And seek the things above the skies ;
O let me ne'er apostatize,
From bearing the cross, to follow thee.

10 Till with thy patient saints I sing,
Grave ! where's thy victory ? death ! thy sting ?
Thou mak'st all conquerors to reign,
Who take up the cross, and follow thee.

S O N G XX. PART I.

YE nations hear, 'tis God doth call :
Ye slaves, ye kings of ev'ry tongue,
Give ear ; the theme concerns you all ;
The great salvation is my song.

2 'Tis not for this, or that realm,—
'Tis no such mean contracted scheme,—
Let ev'ry tongue adopt the Psalm ;
The *common* safety is my theme ;

3 That grand deliv'rance then display'd,
By God's dear Son, the Prince of Peace,
When, rising from the grave, he said
To his elev'n, with lips of grace ;

4 All hail ! my brethren, peace to you :
That perfect bliss my Father hath,
He gives to me, I give to you ;
For I have turn'd away his wrath.

5 Your works are finish'd by my hand ;
Your debt is paid, your sin forgiv'n ;
And, lo ! I now ascend to stand
Your ever-faithful friend in heav'n.

6 Ye see I live, who once was slain :
Tell all the world the gladsome news ;
That God is reconcil'd to men,
Barbarians, Greeks, as well as Jews :

7 In deserts, towns, to ev'ry kind,
O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry plain,
Tell, my sa vation's not confin'd
To any rank or sort of men.

8 Speak boldly in my name to all :
My word with equal force prevails
On wise, on fools, on great, on small ;
The mountains level, raise the vales.

9 Regard not how the news may please
The sons of pride, who make their boast
Of wisdom, wealth, and worldly ease ;
Nor think your labour will be lost.

10 Dream not in all the apostate race,
A well-disposed heart to find,
To welcome or improve my grace :
Hope nothing from the human mind.

- 11 The great reward of all my pain
 Stands not on such precarious ground :
 Thus not one soul should life obtain ;
 Thus all my pangs were fruitless found.

PART II.

HE who surveys the heart of man,
 Who testifies 'tis only ill,
 Would ne'er have form'd his saving plan,
 On ought depending on man's will.

2 God, *in his mercy*, purpos'd hath,
 (And God's salvation standeth sure)
 To bless all nations ; and my death
 Hath made their blessedness secure.

3 All my redeem'd *sure* mercies boast :
 For so his will who sent me is,
 Of all I've giv'n let none be lost ;
 But raise them to eternal bliss.

4 The glad report, my soul, embrace ;
 The bless'd decree, my soul, adore ;
 Here may I all my comfort place,
 When heart and flesh can aid no more.

5 Away with that redemption lame,
 Which with salvation is not crown'd ;
 I scorn the narrow-bounded scheme ;
 My soul abhors th' insipid sound.

6 How vain that universal grace,
 Which doth no certain bliss bestow ;
 Which leaves the universal race
 Expos'd to universal wo !

7 The grace of God in Jesus shown,
 Most sure salvation brings along ;

Salvation to our God alone,
Of ev'ry tribe shall be the song.

8 Is any heart so black, so foul,
Excluded here? 'Tis surely mine :
But who's that narrow-hearted soul
God's common safety dares confine ?

9 Who dares confine it unto them,
Who boast a will dispos'd to embrace ?
Who boast a mind of better frame
T' improve the influence of his grace ?

10 Who can by merit God prevent ?
Let him stand forth for recompence :
But, Lord, for ever, ever grant
Preventing grace be my defence.

11 Be that redemption mine for aye,
Which from the dreadful curse doth free ;
That, with the whole redeem'd I may,
The praise of all ascribe to thee.

S O N G XXI.

HE who would enter into life,
Must first himself deny,
As lost in *Adam*, self-destroy'd,
And justly doom'd to die.

2 No pray'rs nor tears can aid us here,
All human worth must fail ;
No godly thoughts, nor warm desires
Nor feelings ought avail.

3 God says in my beloved Son
I fully am well pleas'd :
The sinner hears, and credits this ;
And so his soul is eas'd.

- 4 Then love to God in Jesus Christ,
To all his'faints, and words,
Confirms, and proves unfeigned faith,
And joyful hope affords.
- 5 Thus, Lord, let us thy word believe :
Grant us the love of God ;
And when our hearts and strength do fail,
With thee be our abode.

SONG XXII. ISAIAH, Chap. xi. xii.

FROM *Jesse's* humble stem shall shoot
A glorious branch ; but first lopt off
It shall be from its native root,
Then for an ensign rais'd aloft.

2 Upon Mount *Zion* he shall sit ;
His voice shall reach remotest lands ;
At hearing, nations shall submit,
And, list'ning, wait his dear commands.

3 His lips drop wisdom ; righteousness,
And truth divine, begird his loins ;
And with abundant peace, he'll bless
The happy folk o'er whom he reigns.

4 No hurtful beasts shall then annoy,—
All jarring feuds shall melt away ;
The child shall with the viper toy ;—
The lambs with lions frisk and play.

5 Then shall he set the poor on high,
And part the rig'eous from the vile :
No gloomy storm shall rend the sky,
But an eternal day shall smile.

6 Thou prince, shalt sing in that bless'd age,
Jehovah, I'll thy praise make known,

Thy word's fulfill'd ; take up thy pledge,
And claim thy being as thy own :

7 Because thy wrath against me burn'd,
My folks' sins fiercely to reprove ;
Because thy wrath away is turn'd,
And thou hast me solac'd with love.

8 God my salvation is ; behold,
And share with me, my ransom'd throng ;
Beyond all fear, I'll now be bold,
JEHOVAH is my strength and song.

9 Here let your feasted eyes remain ;
See ! God is my salvation ;
Now I'm refresh'd from all my pain,
To see his glory rais'd thereon.

10 His glorious perfections all,
So wond'rously summ'd up in love,
Now, to my soul, once serv'd with gall,
An ocean full of pleasure prove.

11 Ye meek ones from the fount of bliss,
Which without measure in me dwells,
Draw now salvation to your wish,
As from so many living wells.

12 And ye shall sing in that glad day,
Praise ye JEHOVAH ; let his name,
Who is the great I AM, your stay,
Be ever your delightful theme :

13 And make his works done mightily,
Among all people to be known ;
And ever keep in memory,
His name exalted is alone.

14 JEHOVAH sing, the man of war,
Whose right hand hath done valiantly,

Amazing deeds, excelling far
The wonders wrought at the *Red* sea.

15 And this in all the earth is known :
Rejoice with shouts, O *Zion's* bride ;
For great is *Isr'el's* Holy One,
Within thy courts who doth reside.



S O N G - XXIII.

LET the saints all rejoice and exult in their king,
To Jesus with shouting and melody sing ;
For sinners' redemption his life's blood he gave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

2 His blood's all your boasting, his blood shed for you ;
With confidence trust him,—his words are all true ;
For he seal'd with his blood ev'ry promise he gave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

3 He promis'd a crown, when he left you the cross,
And he with a kingdom rewards all your loss :
To glory he leads, while close to him you cleave,
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

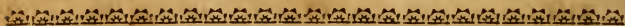
4 How glorious to follow our dear suff'ring God ?
Thro' great tribulation, the path which he trod !
His faithful redeem'd in that path follow'd have,
And the faithful true witness did never deceive.

5 When he calls you afflictions and sorrows to bear,
He feels these afflictions ; he wipes ev'ry tear :
Thro' fire and thro' water he never will leave,
For the faithful true witness will never deceive.

6 He promis'd more grace, that you fall not away,
And his blood is pledged for your life for aye ;
He lives wholly for you, what more can you crave ?
And the faithful true witness will never deceive.

7 His word stands most sure, *I come quickly again*,
He now waits to hear you resound your *Amen* :
Of that hope of glory he'll never bereave,
For the faithful true witness will never deceive.

8 That he'll change your vile body he caus'd you to hope,
 Like his glorious body he shall raise you up.
 All shining in glory, redeem'd from the grave ;
 And the faithful true witness will never deceive.



S O N G XXIV.

A WAKE, O *Zion's* daughter ! rise ;
 Shake off thy dust ; no more repine ;
 Let gladness sparkle in thine eyes,
 In all thy fairest garments shine.

2 Behold thy King, expected long,
 In humble pomp at length appears ;
 Amidst yon praising infant throng,
 His meek majestic head he rears.

3 No fiery steed he rides ; he sways
 No tinsel rod of earthly reign :
 A colt, ne'er us'd 'till now, conveys
 To thee thy lowly Prince divine.

4 Here's no vain croud, no gaudy show :
 Babes, taught of heav'n, resound his praise ;
 His paths the *Galileans* strow
 With branches of triumphing peace.

5 With ardent zeal to crown the law,
 He enters grand ! see there he is !
 His presence strikes a gen'ral awe ;
 The wonder circles, Who is this ?

6 He visits now his Father's house,
 And shews himself the son and heir ;
 He frowns away all vile abuse,
 Smiles on his babes who praise him there.

7 This first day of the week, he shews
 A pledge of joys before unknown,

When he should rise, and wide diffuse
The oil of joy among his own.

8 The blind and lame by him reliev'd,
His saving light and strength proclaim;
His foes with shame and spite are griev'd,
To see his works and hear his fame.

9 Hosanna! thronging myriads shout,
JEHOVAH brings salvation nigh:
Hosanna! ev'ry babe cries out,
JEHOVAH, send prosperity.

10 To him, who, in JEHOVAH's name,
Draws nigh to save, all praise belongs:
Peace reigns in heav'n with ev'ry beam
Of glory in the Highest Ones.

11 Salvation unto *David's* son;
All blessing unto *Isr'el's* King:
His kingdom blessed be alone,
And blest'd the people of his reign.

12 To praise the just and saving King,
How blest'd to be a little child!
When he in glory comes to reign,
Then all his babes shall kings be stil'd.

13 In all the earth how worthy is,
JEHOVAH, our dear Lord, thy name!
From infant lips thou perfect'st praise,
Thy strength, to put thy foes to shame.

S O N G XXV.

SEE yonder cross! come, turn aside,
And this great sight behold:

D

The veh'ment flames of wrath divine
On Christ the man take hold.

2 This bush did burn 'midst fiercest flames ;
Yet unconsum'd it stood :

The man Almighty wrath sustains ;
Because the man was God.

3 A while his body lifeless lay,
To shew the flame was dire ;

But uncorrupted soon it rose ;
His body quench'd the fire.

4 That hour, on all his church unite
With him, the flame did rush ;
And not a branch nor twig was burnt,
For God was in the bush.

5 Tho' guilt, in all your suff'rings, makes
You brambles for the fire ;
Yet God, in midst of you, preserves
From all that wrath entire.

6 Then follow Christ 'midst floods and flames ;
With him go dauntless thro' :
Nor floods, nor flames, repell'd the love
He, gracious, bare to you.

7 Are ye like *Isr'el*, well nigh crush'd
With burdens, sins, and foes ?
To clear your path, he'll part the deeps,
And on your en'mies close.

8 Shrink not altho' the furnace burn
With seven times heated flame ;
The Son of God will tend you there,
Who suff'ring overcame.

9 He quickly comes, from all your pains
To give you bless'd repose :

And then, with pow'rful hand he'll turn
The flame upon your foes.

S O N G XXVI.

WHEN to my sight, thou GOD, appears,
I'm fill'd with sudden fear :
Thy justice, with uplifted arm,
O'erwhelms me with despair.

2 The former signs of grace no more
Relieve my troubled heart ;
And past experiences of love
Add torture to my smart.

3 What shall I do ? my pray'rs and tears
Are impious in thy sight :
I am remov'd from thee as far
As darkness from the light.

4 Is there no room for mercy left ?
Is grace for ever gone ?
I'll mind the years of thy right hand,
And wonders thou hast done :

5 How to be one with sons of men,
Immanuel did not scorn ;
And how from *Mary's* virgin womb
The holy child was born :

6 I'll mind the greatness of that love
Which in his breast did burn,
When all the wrath of God for sin
Upon his soul did turn.

7 When God's own well-beloved Son
Went mourning to the grave,
And dy'd accurs'd for sin, that grace
Might dying sinners save.

8 See from the dead the Prince of life
 In glory bright appears !
 No further proof of love I'll seek ;
 This quiets all my fears.

9 This stream of light within the cloud
 Sure token is of grace :
 Where wrath did frown, see mercy smiles
 From lovely Jesus' face.

10 This sign of love my soul relieves ;
 'Tis ease from all my pain :
 I will not blush to see thee, God,
 Because the Lamb was slain.



S O N G XXVII.

HOW sweet's the grace that doth appear,
 In healing sinners stray'd from God !
 How oft that sight may we behold,
 Where JAH himself makes his abode !
 His tender mercies, like himself
 Our utmost stretch of thought surpass ;
 Where we expected wrath and frowns,
 There he discov'reth love and grace,
 Which shines to us in Jesus' face.

2 Thus, when the youngest son with shame
 Seeks ways to plead his father's grace ;
 His father eyes him yet afar,
 And meets him with a fond embrace ;
 His mouth he stops with kindest kisses,
 With finest robe doth him invest,
 His hunger by rich food allays,
 And mirth succeeds, to glad the feast.
 Thus grace to rebels is express.

S O N G XXVIII.

THE death of God, who death o'ercame,
 Doth fire our love, our lusts destroy ;
 The praises of the worthy Lamb
 Our tongues shall ever speak with joy :
 His blessed merit now doth shine !
 And we're possess'd of worth divine.

2 Tho' floods of guilt our souls invade,
 A wounded conscience pain us sore,
 We'll say the ransom's fully paid,
 And justice can demand no more :
 Justice and mercy now do meet,
 And our salvation is compleat.

3 In midst of deepest grief we'll sing :
 For boundless mercy swells the song ;
 We'll soar aloft on swiftest wing,
 And join the heav'nly choir among :
 This blessed harmony alone
 Holds heav'n and earth in union.

S O N G XXIX.

WHEN Jesus shall a second time
 Appear, to judge the man of sin,
 And to reward his faithful saints,
 Whose joyful reign shall then begin ;

2 The separation of the seeds
 Shall then most evident appear ;
 No hypocrite shall then lie hid :
 Take heed, for now the time draws near.

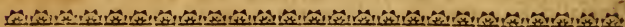
3 As from a rock's stupendous height,
 The eagle doth descry her prey ;

She with her young sucks up the blood
And where the slain is, there are they :

4 So when the Lamb who once was slain,
And by his blood bought us to God,
Shall in his glory come again :
The saints shall flock to his abode.

5 Then they who feasted here below,
By *Faith* upon his flesh and blood,
Shall ever fill'd be with his love,
And fully *see* that God is good.

6 Then let us, patient, wait for him,
Say with the church, Come quickly , Lord ;
To such the righteous crown he'll give,
As promis'd in his faithful word.



S O N G X X X.

LET Poets sing of base amours,
And all their airy fables tell,
Adorning shame with gaudy flow'rs,
And serving the designs of hell.

2 A nobler theme becomes the men
Who know the charms of divine love ;
A graver stile best suits their pen
Who have a taste for joys above.

3 The divine lover, and his spouse,
Their marriage is a lofty theme,
Meet only for the heav'nly muse,
And those fir'd with the sacred flame :

4 'They only can the beauties see
Which are display'd in him who chose,
Tho' he was God, a man to be,
That he might seek and find his spouse.

- 5 For him, who, in the form of God,
Had been before the world began,
And then in flesh made his abode,
And shew'd himself in form of man,
- 6 No match was found. But he to have,
By purchase dear his wish'd-for bride,
His life for her most freely gave ;
And she came of his pierced side.
- 7 Thus *Eve* from sleeping *Adam's* side,
A comely form was brought to him :
He waking, his own likeness spy'd ;
And knowing well from whence she came,
- 8 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh,
This is, said he, and let her name,
Deriv'd from mine, serve to express
Her rise from me, another same.
- 9 For this, a man his parents dear
Shall leave, and unto one remain,
Join'd as his wife, in bond most near ;
One flesh they are, and no more twain.
- 10 A better source, Christ in his death
Of being, to his mate doth prove :
And rising from the dead, he hath
Found the fair object of his love :
- 11 Where sin and death's deformity
Had been, behold ! a living form,
His image shews in purity,
And beauty such as doth him charm.
- 12 From his great Father he came forth,
And left his mother-church of *Jews*,
To join the church which hath her worth
From him, and cleave to her his spouse.

13 The name he gave her, doth declare
That she's of him, and with him one
In divine spirit, as they share
In flesh and blood ; such nearness none.

14 A firmer band than mingled clay ;
A tie divine knits the blest'd pair,
In union which shall last for aye :
My soul, in this have thou thy share.

S O N G XXXI.

O JESUS! the glory, the wonder, and love,
Of angels and glorify'd spirits above,
And saints, who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
Rejoicing in hope of thy glory :
Thou only, and wholly, art lovely and fair,
Who robb'st not JEHOVAH; with him to compare,
JEHOVAH's own image glows in thee ; shines there
In visible bodily glory.

Worth divine dwells in thee ;

Excellent dignity,

Beauty and majesty,

Glory environs thee ;

Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life, rest on thee,

O thou chiefest among the ten thousands !

2 Where ever we view thee, new glories arise ;
The man who's God's fellow, who rides on the skies,
Made flesh, dwelt among us : brought God near our eyes ;
And in grace and truth shew'd all his glory.
Thou spak'st to existence the heav'ns and their hosts,
The earth and its fullness, the seas and their coasts :
Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts
To crown and adorn thee with glory.

Worth, &c.

3 But how lovely dost thou appear in our eyes,
When in childhood, thou meet'st us in that dear disguise !
Thy loves, past all knowledge, with raptures surprise,
And ravish our hearts with thy glory.
In thy blessed body on the cursed tree,
Thou bar'st all our sins, while thy God frown'd on thee,

Expiring in blood in our stead ; and lo, we
 Exult in thy merit and glory.
 Worth, &c.

4 Thy blood all divine from the grave back again,
 Brought thee, King of glory ; thou Lamb who was slain !
 First-born of the dead, crown'd with honour supreme,
 Thy throne is established in glory.
 There reign in thy glory, O thou great ador'd !
 Till thy foes, crush'd under thy feet, be no more ;
 Thy throne shall triumph over all things restor'd,
 And eternity blaze with thy glory.
 Worth, &c.

S O N G XXXII.

SAY, word of truth, why sin and death
 Among God's works were found ?
 Why, by a law to sinners giv'n,
 Was sin made to abound ?

2 Why were the highly favoured *Jews*
 Abandon'd to fulfil
 The things foretold of Christ, and so
 The prince of life to kill ?—

3 It was that mercy might triumph,
 Where sin before did reign ;
 That, in the darkest wickedness,
 The strength of grace might shine.

4 Why was that nation broken off ?
 The *Gentiles* grafted in ?
 And these again, like *Jews*, cast off
 By following their sin ?—

5 It was to stain the pride of all ;
 Pour shame on ev'ry face ;
 That all th' elected remnant might
 Indebted stand to *grace*.

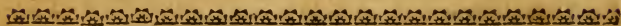
6 And that they all might be built up,
Thro' faith, an house for God,
And grace might shine more bright to them,
When wrath pursues the proud.

7 O great the depth ! O rich the store
Of knowledge all divine !
Most perfect wisdom, thro' the whole,
Surprisingly doth shine !

8 Who can his judgments deep search out ?
His awful steps pursue ?
Who *was* to pry into his thoughts,
When first his plan he drew ?

9 Who was upon his counsels, when
His great designs were laid ?
Who hath first giv'n to him ?—it shall
Most surely be repaid.

10 For of him, thro' him, all things are,
And unto him again ;
To him all glory be ascrib'd,
For evermore. *Amen.*



S O N G XXXIII.

SEE Mercy, Mercy, from on high,
Descends to rebels doom'd to die !
'Tis mercy free which knows no bound :
How grand, who gladsome is the sound !

2 'Tis grace by righteousness that reigns,
Where every God-like beauty shines :
So leaves no doubt from whence it came ;
Then grace *divine* we dare it name.

3 First mercy favour'd mortal view,
When God's own Son an infant grew ;

And in its full perfection shone,
When dying Jesus cry'd, *'Tis done !*

4 It triumph'd when from death he rose,
And broke the pow'r of all our foes ;
And since he took his seat on high,
Now mercy reigns eternally.

5 Grace down in show'rs of mercy fell,
Refreshing thousands ripe for hell ;
Who lately fill'd with devilish wrath,
Had doom'd the Lord of heav'n to death.

6 It courts not men of mighty name,
But visits those o'erwhelm'd with blame ;
It makes the poorest wretch look gay,
And empty sends the rich away !

7 Let haughty mortals frown and fret,
Who sov'reign boundless mercy hate ;
Thro' all the mansions of the blest,
That mercy only is confest.

8 Until we join the happy throng,
Let boundless mercy be our song ;
And may the mighty God confound
~~And~~ all those who dare its course to bound.

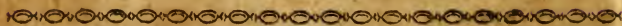
9 *Amen*, the holy prophets cry ;
Amen, th' apostles loud reply ;
Amen, thro' all the heav'ns goes round ;
Amen, let us on earth resound.



SONG XXXIV. ISAIAH Chap. xlii. 1—4.

BEHOLD, my Servant, whom I send
Down from the pure realms of light ;
My chosen One, my darling Son,
In whom is fix'd my soul's delight.

- 2 My Spirit's fulness ever dwells
On head of this anointed One ;
By him my judgment, and my truth,
To lands remote shall be made known.
- 3 He shall not cry, nor lift his voice,
'Mong crowds to raise the loud alarm ;
He'll shun all strife for kingly pow'r ;
No earthly grandeur shall him charm.
- 4 The bruised reed he shall not break,
His strength in weakness to display :
His lovely folk shall wear his yoke ;
His gentle rod they will obey.
- 5 The smoking flax can ne'er expire,
For he sustains the hidden flame ;
The sinking sinner he relieves,
Who trusts for life his precious Name.
- 6 Yea, many waters cannot quench
That fire which burns with feeble ray :
His kingdom's light which dimly shines,
Shall blaze like noon-tide of the day.
- 7 He judgment unto victory
Shall bring, to put his foes to shame :
His brethren then triumphantly
Shall sing the glories of his name.
- 8 Arise, O Lord, victorious come,
In all thy Father's brightness shine ;
O come to save thy saints ! and, Lord,
Begin thine everlasting reign.



S O N G XXXV.

THE Love which thought on helpless man,
Doth angels tongues employ ;

The grace which stoop'd to *Adam's* race,
The heav'ns doth fill with joy.

2 This, from eternity, was hid
In divine Wisdom's breast ;
The grand design of mighty Love
The church doth manifest.

3 When we survey that stately dome,
Where heav'nly beauties shine ;
In wonder lost, we must proclaim
The Architect divine.

4 The depth's as low as *JESUS* lay,
When humbled to the death ;
The height's above all heav'ns with him ;
All things are far beneath.

5 All in the heav'ns, and on the earth,
The breadth well comprehends ;
To ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue,
With freedom it extends.

6 The length from *Adam* to time's end,
Thro' ev'ry age doth reach ;
The building shews the love of *CHRIST*,
Which doth our ken outstretch.

7 Th' angelic throng with raptures view
Salvation's structure rise ;
By it God's wisdom manifold
With wonder strikes their eyes.

8 From ev'ry tribe and tongue are made
Materials for the frame ;
Here ev'ry kind of sinners join ;
In *CHRIST* they are the same.

9 When the head-stone shall be brought forth
Redemption-work to crown ;
The saints and angels then shall shout,
Grace ! Grace ! in high renown.

S O N G XXXVI.

JEHOVAH the name is of our God alone ;
Who was, is, and shall be, and change knoweth none ;
In purpose, and promise, and deed, he's the same ;
And where he's performing his word, there's his name.

2 He was Independent in purpose of grace,
Before any being besides him had place ;
The source of all beings, depending on none ;
I AM, THAT I AM, then he dares say alone.

3 He is Independent in that word of grace,
Which makes a distinction among Adam's race ;
He will be for ever performing his word,
And so shall his name be for ever ador'd.

4 In JESUS the purpose of grace was sure laid ;
In Jesus that purpose is manifest made ;
In Jesus the promise shall surely be done ;
God's name's in the slain Lamb, in midst of the throne.

5 He's Alpha, Omega, the first and the last ;
Divine grace, and truth all in Jesus stand fast ;
The works of creation all on him depend ;
In him their beginning they have, and their end.

6 And that new creation the church, that's the crown
Of all the divine works, him ever will own ;
Its beginning, and ending ; in him it stands sure,
And leaning all on him, shall ever endure.

SONG XXXVII. PSALM cxxxvii. paraphrased.

BY streams of rivers, broad and strong,
Which strength and pleasure do afford
To Babel, there we sat among
The proudest en'mies of our Lord.

- 2 But when we Zion call'd to mind,
With Shiloh's streams which softly go,
No ease in Babel we could find,
And from our eyes sad tears did flow.
- 3 Our pleasant harps, in grief of mind,
We hung upon the willows there :
These instruments were ne'er design'd
In Babel's concert to have share.
- 4 Our captive-leaders, when they saw,
Said, why may ye not here take heart ?
And sing to us beneath our law ?
So in our mirth come take a part.
- 5 They made us howl, and yet forbade
Our groans, and mirth required thus ;
Bring of the music Zion had,
Such part as may best take with us.
- 6 In decent uniformity
With ours, and no more from your mouth,
Complaints of sad calamity,
Nor antique songs to us uncouth.
- 7 How shall Jehovah's holy song
Sound from our lips in th' aliens' land ?
And songs to Zion which belong
In Babel's concert be prophan'd ?
- 8 Shall this fill Zion's place ? shall we
Take pleasure here, and quite forget
Our native land, and thoughtless be
Of Zion's former comely state ?
- 9 Or shall we never drop a tear
Upon her rubbish and her dust ?
Shall we for Babel's hope or fear
Quit our regard to her most just ?

10 Jerusalem ! if in this land,
 I lose of thee the memory ;
 Then, for thy sake, let my right hand
 In play lose all dexterity !

11 Yea, unto my mouth's roof let cleave
 My tongue, no more to move in song ?
 When, on my heart, I no more have
 The rights which unto thee belong !

12 And if I do not still take care
 To set Jerusalem above
 The head of all my joy, that there
 Its joy and crown she still may prove !

13 As Zion rises, so high flow
 My joy, but still beneath that crown ;
 And as she is depress'd, fall low,
 And underneath be thou prest down.

14 Remember, in Jerus'lem's day,
 His children, Lord, who did despise
 The birth-right, and gave it away
 For one poor morsel, to suffice.

15 These never could subjection bear
 To Zion's laws and yoke most just ;
 That carnal race, void of God's fear,
 Said, raze it, raze it, to the dust.

16 Ah ! Babel's daughter, painted whore,
 On many waters set in state ;
 Thou think'st not (for thou art secure)
 Of him who brings thy dreadful fate.

17 All blessings on that righteous One !
 The Lord's anointed Cyrus true ;
 Who, as thou unto us hath done,
 Comes to reward thee quickly now.

18 Yea, blessings on him ; for he'll take
 The younger harlots by thy side,
 And them in pieces, for our sake,
 Dash shall the rock whom we confide.

S O N G XXXVIII.

THERE's no name among men, nor angels, so bright
 As the name of Jesus, the Father's delight ;
 The joy of his children, who list out this name,
 And sweetly its praises soon learn to proclaim.

2 The wonder of angels, whose choir sound it high ;
 The terror of devils, who far from it fly.
 'Tis great thro' the whole earth, and highly esteem'd ;
 As ointment forth poured among the redeem'd.

3 The serpent's seed hate it, while yet 'tis their fear ;
 By *their* spite against it, it shines the more clear.
 In all gospel churches this name is ador'd,
 As their shield and glory, with chearful accord ;

4 And there 'tis declared, the help of distress'd,
 The hope of the hopeless, and ease of oppress'd.
 The church of the first-born, with angels of light,
 Shall sound forth its praises in endless delight ;
 But fully unfolded it can be by none
 But Jesus among them, who knows it alone.

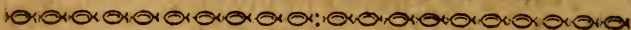
S O N G XXXIX.

BLEST he ! who chast'ned, and well taught of God,
 To lead and love the heav'n-directed road :
 Whose breast receives, by heav'n's all-gracious plan,
 A sober mind, God's greatest gift to man.
 Like him who tho' the sov'reign Lord of all,
 Yet thus allur'd mankind to hear his call ;

2 All ye who groan, with fruitless labour prest,
 Come see my labour, I will give you rest :

Take up my yoke, and learn the lowly part
 From me, for meek and lowly is my heart.

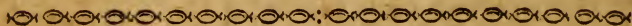
Thus, only thus, your souls true rest shall find ;
And know my yoke is light, my burden's kind.



S O N G X L.

SINNERS, running from the truth,
May divert their fears a while ;
And in crooked paths of youth,
Coming sorrow may beguile :
But, in search of future hope,
They must wander, and repine ;
In thick darkness they must grope,
Till preventing mercy shine.

2 So, backsliding sinners, when
They from faith apostatize,
And to love grow cold again ;
Awful darkness blinds their eyes.
Then, in search of vanish'd joy,
They may toil, and still complain ;
Fruitless labours them employ,
Till that mercy shines again.



S O N G X L I.

WHEN *Isr'el* marched thro' the sea ;
Their way by heav'n prepar'd ;
Between them, and their foes, they had
JEHOVAH their rear-guard.

2 The cloud of glory mov'd behind,
And by its splendor bright,
Spread light, and joy, o'er all the host ;
Dispelling far the night.

3 Yet that same cloud a gloomy side
Presented to their foes ;

Height'ning the horrors of the night ;
Prefaging deeper woes.

4 So, that same glorious word of grace,
By which the Lord leads forth
From Babel's bondage, his redeem'd,
To glory in his worth,

5 Spreads light before, and guards behind ;
At once, a wall of fire
To shield them round, and in the midst
Their glory and desire ;

6 Ev'n that same word, spreads darkness wide
O'er Antichrist's domain ;
And, blasting all their glory, makes
Them gnaw their tongues for pain.

7 Then, fear them not, but follow on
Where that word points the way :
Soon comes the Lord to crush his foes ;
And give his friends the sway.

S O N G XLII.

NOW, thron'd on high, the humbled man
O'er wide creation reigns :
That face, once dark with grief, now bright
With heav'nly glory shines.

2 He's now most blest at God's right hand,
And crown'd as God's own Son ;
Determin'd King by God's sure oath ;
Sure pledge his work is done.

3 Sent, by thy high command, he came,
And in the guilty's place,
Fulfill'd thy law, and bore thy wrath :
O God ! how rich thy grace !

- 4 How far above the ways of man,
O Lord, thy grand design !
To clothe the guilty sons of men,
With righteousness divine !
- 5 O ! what but endless life and joy
Such worth was meet to crown :—
Away with ev'ry idol false ;
This screens us from thy frown.
- 6 This ample shade can hide us from
The fury of thine ire ;
When all the foes to this shall be
Consum'd with flaming fire.
- 7 No more let want of righteousness
Our guilty soul oppress :
The righteous work of Christ's enough
To banish our distress.
- 8 O never let us grudge to stand
Indebted to this grace,
Which can direct our wand'ring steps
Into thy holy place.

S O N G XLIII.

- B**EHOLD the Traitor is gone forth
To work his dark designs ;
The Son of man's now glorify'd ;
God's glory in him shines !
- 2 If God be glorify'd in him,
The sure effect shall be,
Him in himself he'll glorify ;
And this ye soon shall see.
- 3 Thus spake the Lord, before his death,
To cause his friends attend

To that event, at which all heav'n
Doth wonder without end.

4 Thus said ;—his virtue stood the shock
Of darkness' pow'rs combin'd ;
Virtue was ne'er so try'd before,
Nor so triumphant shin'd.

5 Not heav'n and earth, when all their host
First into order rose,
Obedient as commanded, could
So much of God disclose.

6 Their steady course while they maintain'd,
Or changed at his word,
Such glorious honour to his will
Ne'er did, nor could afford.

7 Here, all the glories of that love,
Which all perfection claims,
He brought to view, here in its strength
Each Godlike beauty beams.

8 Sure, as foretold, th' effect appear'd ;
Earth quak'd ; he from the dead
Was by the father's glory rais'd,
O'er all things to be head.

9 His friends beheld him mount to heav'n,
And as he pierc'd the sky,
The glory met him to conduct
Him to his throne on high.

10 He thence to them the Spirit sent
Himself who glorify'd,
That of his glory they might be
By sharing certify'd ;

11 Among the nations to declare
How highly God did prize

That lovely lowly character

Which mortals did despise :

12 That all his chosen finding joy

Where God's good pleasure lyes,

Wean'd from the earth, might place their hope

With him above the skies.



S O N G XLIV.

WHEN I my wicked heart survey,
And course of life from day to day;
There's nought to meet my wretched view,
But sin, and death, its proper due.

2 My heart's a source of ev'ry ill,
Averse to all that's good my will;
And pride, by which the angels fell,
Proclaims aloud, I'm ripe for hell.

3 Oh! can a wretch, so vile, so blind,
So ripe for hell, forgiveness find?
There's not a wretch who breaths the air,
Has stronger reasons to despair.

4 But honour, praise, and glory, rise
To him who reigns above the skies!
To pardon guilt of deepest stains,
Unbounded mercy ever reigns!

5 The mighty God, Immanuel,
Deign'd on this earth with men to dwell;
That sinners might be freed from guilt,
The blood of God's own Son was spilt.

6 His chosen he redeem'd from death,
When he for them resign'd his breath:
Bearing the curse, the wrath divine,
That mercy might for ever shine.

7 See from the dead the first-born come !
The Lord of life has burst the tomb !
To all the world, from this blest hour,
Declar'd the Son of God with pow'r.

8 When he had his disciples blest,
Who worship'd him, their God confest,
To his reward in heav'n he rose,
In name and stead of all he chose.

9 At God's right hand most blessed made,
The man of sorrows now made glad,
His kingdom stands ; his reign is sure ;
His worth for ever doth endure.

10 This is enough ;—'tis all we need ;
The Lord of life is ris'n indeed :
The vilest wretch who breathes the air,
Has now no reason to despair !

11 O may our joy and boasting be
In him, who dy'd upon the tree :
May the redemption shining there,
For ever shield us from despair.



SONG XLV. Acts Chap. i. ver. 9, 10, 11.

WHY Galileans stand ye now
Up gazing to the sky ?
The Saviour's gone from mortal view,
To Zion mount on high !
You saw him slain a sacrifice :
He now High Priest is known
In heav'n, to appear for you ;
And send the blessing down.

2 Remember well his last adieu ;
And oft his friends remind

How you with lifted hands he bless'd,
 And shew'd his heart so kind.
 How, as he bless'd, he mounted up,
 And met the cloud of light ;
 So be assur'd he'll come again
 In heav'nly glory bright !

3 Then gaze not here, nor think till then
 Your eyes can see his face :
 Keep his commands ; go tarry where
 Himself assign'd the place.
 They went ;—the promis'd Spirit came ;
 Their friends were multiply'd :
 'Midst all their suff'rings gladness reign'd ;
 And God they glorify'd.

S O N G XLVI.

WHILE others glory in their wealth,
 Their wisdom and their might :
 O ! let the cross of Christ be still
 Our glory and delight.

2 The wisdom, wealth, and might of man,
 All perish like to dross ;
 But everlasting fulness flows
 To sinners from the cross.

3 The wisdom, and the power of God
 To save, doth shine therein ;
 In Jesus' cross we see how God
 Can *justly* pardon sin.

4 How guilty rebels such as we
 May, after all, find grace ;
 May still be reconcil'd to God,
 And see his face in peace.

- 5 Thro' Jesus crucify'd for sin,
 God smiling doth appear
 On guilty man ;—his precious blood
 Doth bring the vilest near.
- 6 It blotteth out the various guilt
 Of all for whom he dy'd ;
 There's balm for ev'ry wounded soul
 In Jesus crucify'd.
- 7 Then what tho' worldly men the cross,
 The *plain, bare* cross despise ;
 And what tho' all who trust in it
 Seem little in their eyes ?
- 8 Let us, in face of ail contempt,
 Of all reproach and shame,
 In Jesus' cross still make our *boast*,
 And *triumph* in his name :
- 9 In view of his great love, let us
 For him count all things loss ;
 And far let ev'ry glorying be
 Save *only* in his cross.

S O N G XLVII.

SING the praises of the Lord ;
 His great love to us record,
 Who hath made his grace divine,
 Towards guilty men to shine.

2 When by sin we were expos'd
 Unto death—God interpos'd ;
 And did lay Our help upon
 His own Son, the mighty One !

62 CHRISTIAN SONGS.
3 *He thro' death destroy'd the foe ;*
By his grief remov'd our woe :
Thro' his glorious saving might,
Life eternal brought to light.

4 *He the curse bare on the tree,*
That the guilty might go free :
And redeemed us from wrath ;
Where is now thy sting ! O death ?

5 *All our works for us he wrought ;*
Peace and liberty he brought :
Greater bliss, we have to boast,
Than the life which Adam lost :

6 *For, he lives beyond the grave,*
From death's hand us to receive ;
Where eternal joys remain ;
Where no sorrow is nor pain.

7 *To the Lamb who dy'd and rose,*
And hath conquer'd all our foes,
Glory be for ever giv'n
By the saints, in earth, and heav'n.

S O N G XLVIII.

'TIS finished ! THE SAVIOUR cry'd,
When on the cross he bow'd, and dy'd ;
'Tis finished ! all heav'n resounds,
Th' Eternal's mercy knows no bounds !—

2 *Let's catch, my friends, the heav'nly theme,*
'Tis finished ! let us proclaim :
Justice divine is now pleas'd,
God rests in his own Son well pleas'd.

3 *'Tis finished ! ye nations hear,*
Your fruitless labour now forbear ;

By Jesus' finish'd work alone,
There's access to God's holy throne.

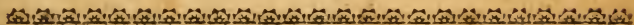
4 *'Tis finished!* The work is done!
By God's own well-beloved Son;
His work most perfect is, and pure,
And shall eternally endure.

5 *'Tis finished!* The Lamb once slain,
Is from the dead rais'd up again;
He hath ascended up on high,
And captive led captivity.

6 *'Tis finished!* Now may we sing,
Devouring death! where is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?
Here's life and immortality!

7 *'Tis finished!* Here's food for praise,
Here's subject meet for heav'nly lays;
And God's redeem'd shall ever sing,
The praises of th' Eternal King!

8 Then let us still, with thankful voice,
In Jesus' finish'd work rejoice;
'Tis finished! Let us proclaim,
Eternal thanks to God's great name.



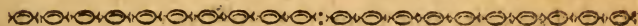
S O N G XLIX.

WITH ravish'd eyes, Lord, we admire
These radiant curtains of thy throne!
Wide heav'n, adorn'd with studs of fire,
Proclaims Omnipotence alone:
These shining watchers, in their silent talk,
Proclaim thy glory, proclaim thy glory,
In their evening walk.

- 2 The purple morn ! with gilded ray,
Renews the day with glad'ning light ;
Th' o'erjoy'd creation welcomes day,
With chearful motion, till the night
To silent slumbers hush the lab'ring ball :
These preach thy glory, these preach thy glory,
Thro' the spacious all.
- 3 Array'd with light, in silver streams,
Thron'd in his fiery tent, the sun,
Diffusing all enliv'ning beams,
Round heav'n's extremities doth run ;
Swift as a racer, as a bridegroom gay,
In pride of glory, in pride of glory,
Constituting day.
- 4 His genial warmth, the world immense
Confesses, in each fruit and flow'r ;
Thou mak'st his brooding influence
Feast thy creation ev'ry hour :
Thou mad'st him this great world's both eye and
Sole vital spirit, sole vital spirit, [soul,
Known from pole to pole.
- 5 Art dimly paints that brilliant ball ;
That's but an emblem faint, to shew
The sun of righteousness, where all
The beams of God shine forth most true.
With rays diffus'd, in healing words he glows,
And circling warms, and circling warms
The nations as he goes.
- 6 Tho' blinded reas'ners mark thee not,
In nature's wide amazing scene,
Where all thy labours point thee out,
And all thy footsteps shew so plain
Thy pow'r, and godhead, to earth's utmost line,

Where brighter rays, where brighter rays
Of God ne'er deign'd to shine ;

7 Yet ravish'd, with sublime delight,
Believers view in ev'ry line
Of thy pure oracles, the light
Of truth, and mercy all divine :
Thy law, and law fulfill'd, these testify,
Convert the soul, convert the soul,
And bow the heart to thee.



S O N G L.

WHEREWITH shall I o'erwhelm'd with
Before THE LORD appear ? [sin,
Or how can such a wretch as I
To the Most High draw near ?

2 Where shall the conscience stung with sin
Apply, relief to find ?
And where's the balm, whose healing pow'r
Can cure a wounded mind ?

3 Can all the pow'r of man do ought ?
Ah no ! 'tis all in vain—
'Tis God that wounds, and God alone
Can heal the wound again.

4 And lo ! Jehovah's boundless grace
The blessed cure supplies ;
To save his people from their sins,
See ! Jesus bleeds and dies !

5 Yea, rather see he lives again !
And shall for ever live ;
And will, to all for whom he died,
This life eternal give.

- 6 Then, what tho' in this vale of tears,
Our sorrows may abound ?
And for affliction's mortal stroke,
No cure can here be found ?
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ, in God ;
When Christ, our life appears,
His people he'll with glory crown,
And wipe away their tears.
- 8 Let this, my friends, be all our hope,
Let this, our thoughts employ ;
Thro' this blest hope, in death itself,
There's glorious room for joy :
- 9 Fill'd with such hope, let this vain life
Evanish from our eyes ;
Let solid, boundless, endless bliss
Before our view arise.
- 10 And let us, with one heart, and soul,
To God our voices raise ;
By him this grace was purchased ;
To him be all the praise.

S O N G L I.

- W**HO's this, that from the desert doth
Like smoky pillars rise ;
Who, leaning on her dearest Lord,
All others doth despise ?
- 2 It is the Lamb's beloved spouse,
It is his virgin bride ;
Who from the rage of Antichrist,
Did in the desert hide.
- 3 The Woman who to John appear'd
Is clothed with the Sun,

The perfect righteousness of Christ,
Which he alone hath done,

4 All earthly things beneath her feet
She tramples on, and scorns ;
The doctrine preached by the Twelve,
Like stars her head adorns ;

5 With antichrist she will not join ;
No head but Christ her Lord,
And by no other rule will she
Be measur'd, but God's word.

6 Her doctrine, worship, discipline,
Must all conformed be
Unto God's word ; and children dwell
In love and unity.

7 The Shepherd's voice she hears, and knows,
In it she doth rejoice ;
And cheerfully doth follow him :—
—She knows no stranger's voice.

8 The hireling Shepherd, will not stand,
To face the enemy ;
And when the flock in danger is,
Doth quickly from them fly.

9 But the Good Shepherd, for his sheep
Did give his life away ;
That he might them redeem, who from
His fold had gone astray.

10 Let all his people, here below,
Join loud with all above ;
And, in triumphant heav'nly notes,
Sing his redeeming love.

S O N G LII.

BEHOLD! what love the Father hath
On guilty man bestow'd!
That we, poor sinners, sons of wrath,
Should be the *Sons of God!*

2 O! how beyond expression great
The love of Christ doth shine:
'Tis like himself! TH' ETERNAL GOD
Past knowledge! all divine!

3 Behold! for guilty, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life, them to redeem,
A precious sacrifice!

4 And God the sacrifice accepts,
His wrath is now pleas'd;
He looks to his beloved Son,
And says, "I am well pleas'd."

5 Now, doth the ever worthy Lamb,
Who for his people dy'd,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfy'd;

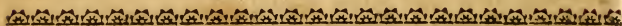
6 Now peace and good will towards men,
In boundless streams do flow;
And joy, and hope of endless life,
Doth God thro' Christ bestow.

7 O! let us then resound the note
Which still prevails above;
And ever sing, with joyful hearts,
The wonders of his love.

SONG LIII.

- I**'VE seen the lovely garden flow'rs
In all their beauty glow :
I've seen the stormy hail-stone show'rs
Lay all their glory low.
- 2 I've seen the youth in beauty's pride
And highest health to day,
Before to-morrow's even tide,
A loathsome lump of clay.
- 3 Then what's our life ? a vapour sure !
Away it swiftly flies ;
The joys of life, how insecure,
How trifling such a prize ?
- 4 How oft this lesson we've been taught ;
Yet still the earthly mind
Pursues its earthly hope full fraught,
To heav'nly hope still blind :
- 5 That lesson which we now despise,
Presuming on our might,
Shall soon be set before our eyes,
Clear as the noon-day light.
- 6 The hast'ning day shall soon arrive,
When awful death shall come,
And close the scene of this vain life,
In darkness and the tomb.
- 7 O ! may the Living Word, the light,
Shine forth before our eyes ;
In that dread hour dispel the night
With everlasting rays :
- 8 When in the dark and dismal road,
Which we are doom'd to tread,

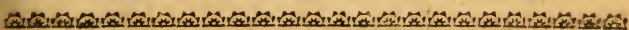
- Our comfort be the word of God,
 Our rock, our strength, our shade :
- 9 His word, who dy'd upon the tree,
 Can fortify the heart,
 And, ev'n in death, our minds can free,
 And bid all fear depart ;
- 10 For he's alive, who once was slain,
 And reigns exalted high ;
 His word can raise us up again,
 Tho' in the grave we lie.
- 11 The work he finish'd on the cross,
 Doth bring salvation sure ;
 And his unspotted righteousness
 For ever doth endure.



S O N G L I V.

- H**ARK ! the trump of God doth sound ;
 Th' arch-angel's voice is heard on high :
 Now the Lord himself descends,
 With a shout that rends the sky.
- 2 See ! his dead have heard the sound !
 Spring immortal from the tomb ;
 And with rapture meet their Lord,
 Crying, *Now the kingdom's come.*
- 3 Lo ! his people too on earth
 In a moment chang'd all rise,
 In the clouds caught up with them,
 To meet their Saviour in the skies,
- 4 See ! mortality of life
 Swallow'd up eternally !
 Death, O Death ! where is thy sting ?
 Where, O Grave ! thy victory ?

- Now, all tears are wip'd away;
 Free from curse, and free from pain,
 All Christ's people, now with him,
 Kings, and Priests, for ever reign;
 Heirs of God! joint heirs with Christ!
 All triumphant o'er their foes;
 All God's fullness they possess,
 And their cup still overflows.
- 7 In the hope of all this joy,
 Let us, brethren, still be found,
 Stedfast in the faith of Christ,
 And in love let us abound.
- 8 Let his matchless love to us,
 To *his work* our souls constrain,
 Knowing, that our labour wrought
 In the Lord, shall not be vain.



S O N G LV.

- T**O guilty mortals why so kind,
 So long indulgence shown?
 So many bounties round the year
 Thus copiously sent down?
- 2 Why does the sun renew the day,
 With all reviving beams?
 The skies, like breasts which ne'er run dry,
 Refreshment send in streams?
- 3 Doth judgment sleep? Can God the judge,
 On sin forget to frown?
 Nay! Death devouring ev'ry hour,
 In course all men cuts down.
- 4 But 'midst the rage of sin and death,
 Proceeds a grand design;

The glorious light of endless life,
 Across the gloom doth shine.

5 The Lord is ris'n, the King of peace,
 The King of righteousness ;
 He bare the curse, he reigns on high,
 The nations he will bless.

6 He spares the world, till he complete,
 His grand design of love :
 For this he makes his sun to shine,
 And rain sends from above.

7 For this are pow'rs ordained of God,
 To keep the world in awe ;
 That vi'lence may'nt o'erwhelm the earth,
 Till thence his folk he draw.

8 Then let us raise our voice to God,
 And daily praise his name,
 Since all the bounties of the day
That mercy reigns, proclaim.

SONG LVI. EXODUS xv. Moses's Song.

U NTO Jehovah I will raise
 My Song, and chearful, shout his praise ;
 Divinely glorious he excels !
 His mighty hand his grandeur tells.

2 The horse, and the proud rider down
 Into the deep, his arm hath thrown ;
 Jehovah is my strength and song,
 Salvation doth to him belong.

3 This is my God ! to his great name
 An habitation I will frame !
 My father's God he is, and I
 Will shout his praise triumphantly.

- 4 A Man of war, JEHOVAH is !
This glorious name is only his ;
He Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
Hath down into destruction toss'd !
- 5 His chosen warriors all hath he
O'erthrown, and drowned in the sea ;
Down to the bottom as a stone
They sank,—the deeps have o'er them gone !
- 6 In power thy right-hand glorious shone,
Jehovah, O thou mighty One !
Thine own right-hand the en'my all
O God, hath dash'd in pieces small.
- 7 In thy excelling greatness thou
All who against thee rose o'erthrew ;
'Gainst them thy wrath thou didst prepare,
Like stubble they consumed were.
- 8 Thy nostrils' blast the floods uprear'd,
Astonish'd seas in heaps appear'd ;
Ev'n as a wall on either hand,
The mighty deeps congeal'd did stand !
- 9 " I will pursue (the en'my cried)
" O'ertake them, and the spoil divide ;
" My lust of vengeance I'll enjoy,
" Yea, utterly I'll them destroy."
- 10 Thou with thy wind didst blow, and straight
The deeps them cover'd from our sight :
They 'midst the torrent sank like lead,
And raging waves roll'd o'er their head !
- 11 Among the mighty who is there
O God, that may with thee compare ?

Who is like thee ? In holiness
Thus glorious ! Fearful is thy praise !

12 Thou wonders dost ! Thy right-hand thou
Out-stretched, and did sink them low ;
Wrapt up in sudden ruin, they
Beneath the rushing torrent lay !

13 While in thy mercy thou didst lead
Thy people, thus from bondage freed ;
And in thy strength them guided hast,
Unto thy holy place of rest.

14 The nations of thy works shall hear,
And tremble with foreboding fear ;
While they of Palestina shall
With sorrow be o'erwhelmed all.

15 Then Edom's lofty ones shall quake,
And Moab's mighties trembling, shake ;
Th' inhabitants of Canaan, they
With fear, like wax shall melt away !

16 Terror and dread shall on them fall,
And as a stone be still, they shall
By thy great arm, till every one
Of thine, Jehovah, o'er have gone.

17 Yea, till each one thou purchas'd hast
Safely their land have overpast ;
Thou'lt bring them in, and plant them there,
They thine inheritance shall share.

18 Within the place ordain'd by thee,
Jehovah, thy abode to be :
The sanctuary which thy hand,
O Lord, establish'd firm to stand.

19 For ever, and for ever more
The glorious Lord shall reign in pow'r :
The Lord shall reign,—the mighty One
Who all our foes hath overthrown !

20 Proud Pharaoh's horse, and chariots strong
Rush'd the divided seas among ;
God spake—the waters backward came,
And swift destruction covered them !

21 While Israel's sons upon dry land
Securely pass'd—on either hand,
The parted sea its billows rear'd,
And a defending wall appear'd !

22 Raise then Jehovah's praises high ;
He hath triumphed gloriously !
The horse and his proud rider down
Into the deep his arm hath thrown.



S O N G LVII.

HEAR O heav'n ! O earth attend !
Creation hear the joyful sound !
Christ who died, is ris'n again,
And with endless glory crown'd.

2 Hence flows hope to guilty man,
Hence our way is pav'd to heav'n ;
Jesus died for our sins,——
Now he lives ! and we're forgiv'n.

3 What tho' we are worthless all,
Sinners 'gainst the richest grace !
Wrath divine is now appeas'd,
Boundless mercy now takes place.

- 4 See ! our Intercessor lives,
Hear him plead before the throne !
Father, save my guilty flock,
Save, for now thy will is done :
- 5 These are they whom I have lov'd,
They whom thou to me didst give ;
These I purchas'd with my blood,
Since I dy'd, O let them live.
- 6 Just, O well belov'd, thy plea,
Just what e'er thy lips can crave ;
Thou hast died for guilty men,
Now I can be *just* and save.
- 7 Save then these thy much-lov'd sheep,
Save them all, for they are thine ;
Bless as I have blessed thee ;
Let them be for ever mine.
- 8 Blessed God ! What grace is here ?
How shall sinners grateful prove ?
How that gratitude express
For thy rich preventing love ?
- 9 How, but by their love to thee,
To thy people, to thy laws,
Daily taking up the cross,
Gladly suff'ring for thy cause ?

S O N G . LVIII.

BEHOLD ! the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave :
His rising, removes all our fears,
And shews him Almighty to save :

How strong were his tears and his cries !
The worth of his blood how divine !
How perfect his sacrifice is
Who rose, tho' he suffer'd for sin !

2 The man, who was crown'd with thorns,
The man, who on Calvary dy'd,
The man, who bore scourging and scorn,
Whom sinners agreed to deride ;
Now blessed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain ;
Now glory has crowned his head,
Heav'n sings of the Lamb who was slain.

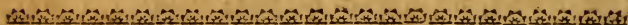
3 Believing, we share of his joy ;
By faith, we partake of his rest ;
With this, we can chearfully die ;
For with him we hope to be blest.
This makes us regardless of fame,
And riches and honour despise,
We suffer for Jesus' name,
And die, that with him we may rise.

4 We wait for his coming again,
To raise us in glory with him ;
Then, gladness his saints shall obtain,
His foes shall be cloathed with shame.
Then shall his afflicted, and poor,
From the dust and the dunghill, be rais'd ;
Their wants and disgrace are no more :
By him they with princes are plac'd.

5 Then will he most fully reward
The kindnesses done to his name ;
For faithfully he hath declar'd,
He takes them as deeds done to him :

Ye blest of my Father come near,
 Sit down on my heavenly throne;
 Inherit the kingdom prepar'd
 For those who delight in his Son.

6 Then let us look forward to this,
 And joyfully take up his cross;
 His servants shall be where he is,
 And all that we lose is but dross:
 They're honour'd whom he shall approve,
 Their riches shall never decay;
 Their joy is compleat in his love,
 Their tears shall be all wip'd away.



S O N G LIX.

HAIL glorious times of joy and peace,
 When we'll be safe from ev'ry grief;
 And this, our bosom foe shall cease,
 This evil heart of unbelief.

2 Then safe from every dreaded ill,
 Death never more shall break our rest;
 Nor any breast with terror fill,
 Forever in God's presence blest!

3 And is the blessedness our choice
 Which Jesus with his blood hath bought?
 Do we in *him* alone rejoice
 Who all our works for us hath wrought?

4 Why then of death so much afraid?
 The gate of heav'n—our wish'd for home!
 When he seems near, why shrink dismay'd?
 Why not with pleasure bid him come?

5 And do we, after all, then prize
This motley scene of grief and care ?
Is heav'n so little in our eyes,
We would not die tho' to be there ?

6 When we survey the grizly form ;
Does nature shudder at the sight ?
The pallid look ;—the shroud ;—the worm ;
And darkness of perpetual night !

7 The silent tongue,—the fixed eye,—
The clay-cold hand,—our long, long home !—
Are we afraid lest we should lie
Eternal tenants of the tomb ?

8 Fear not : our great Redeemer lives,
And he from death shall set us free !
Tho' now we die, if we are his,
These very eyes the Lord shall see.

9 Dread we in death to lay us down !
Know Jesus in the grave was laid ;
He made it easy for his own,
When he their ransom fully paid !

10 Are we afraid of racking pain ?
O ! think what pains our Saviour bore ;
He bore our griefs and sorrows all
When nails and thorns his body tore !

11 Or do we dread yet more to find
God's awful wrath upon us fall ?
Here's comfort to the guilty mind :
Our great Redeemer bore it all !

12 He bore th' Almighty's frown, that we
Might never feel the wrath divine,

Behold him bleeding on the tree !
See Justice there, and Mercy shine !

13 " My God, my God, why hast thou me
" Forsaken," The bless'd suff'rer cry'd !
But, none of his forsakè will he
(In death) who for their ransom dy'd.

14 God now well-pleas'd for Jesus' sake,
Smiles on his people's parting hour :
Hence they of lively hope partake,
Tho' worms their body shall devour.

15 He ever liveth, who was dead :
Of death he keeps the keys alone ;
He'll say (when from the grave they're freed)
" Of those thou gav'st me I've lost none !"

16 And when he brings them back again,
From worms and death a glorious prize ;
They shall appear without a stain,
All lovely ev'n in God's own eyes !

S O N G LX.

WHEN Jesus comes again,
Faith shall be rare on earth to see ;
And sin abounding, then
The love of many cold shall be !
Let us beware,
And watch with care,
And for the faith contend :
And jointly strive
To keep alive
Our hope, unto the end.

2 If we shall thus endure
With patience suff'ring for his sake,
His promise standeth sure
That we shall in his joy partake :
Beyond compare,
The glories are,
Which then reveal'd shall be ;
When cloth'd in light,
'Midst angels bright,
He'll shine forth gloriously !

3 See men (as he foretold)
Do put his coming far away ;
They purchase, plant, and build,
As if this world should last for aye :
Yet soon shall they
In smoke decay ;
O may our faith be strong !
What worldlings prize
Let us despise ;
For Christ will come e'er long.

4 We've seen *the man* of sin
Reveal'd, and to his height arise :
And now consum'd again
His kingdom almost ruin'd lies !
That pow'r shall be
Crush'd utterly,
Before Christ's glory bright :
Dire vengeance shall
O'erwhelm them all
Who dar'd his grace to slight !

5 His en'mies are reserv'd
To dreadful scenes of endless woe :

And have not we deserv'd
 To be shut out from comfort too ?
 But bless'd be he
 Who set us free,
 And bore himself God's wrath !
 His work's compleat,
 Truth, mercy meet !
 The sting is drawn from death !

6 What then tho' famines spread,
 And pest'lence stalk, devouring round ;
 Filling each heart with dread,
 While earthquakes rend the trembling ground :
 Tho' nations are
 Engag'd in war,
 And all is wild dismay,
 We without fear
 Our heads will rear,
 And cry, Lord come away !

7 Blest be his glorious name,
 That we've his perfect work to boast ;
 That e'er he did proclaim
 He came to seek and save the lost !
 His love shall be
 Eternally
 Our joyful theme of praise :
 We will shout forth
 His matchless worth,
 And trust his boundless grace !

S O N G LXI.

ALTHO' temptations threaten round
 And feeble as the moth I'm found ;

'Midst greatest dangers let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

2 And when my faith is like to fail,
And doubts and darkness most prevail ;
Hold thou me up, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

3 When (Heav'n forgot) my foolish heart
In this vain world would chuse its part ;
Call back the wand'rer Lord to thee,
And let thy grace my safety be.

4 When warring passions vex me sore,
And I dare trust myself no more ;
Thy strength, my stay in weakness be,
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

5 When all conspires to work my woe,
And in despair to plunge me low,
When terror takes fast hold on me ;
Lord, let thy grace my safety be.

6 And when thro' death's dark vale I go,
O let me then my guidance know ;
Then comfort send, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

7 Thanks to thy name, that thou, O Lord,
Help to the worthless can't afford ;
Lord help me then, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient still for me.

8 I have no claim for grace at all,
On me thy wrath might justly fall :
But Jesus dy'd !—His merit see,
And reach thy mercy Lord to me.

SONG LXII. HABAK. chap. iii. 17, 18, 19.

TH O' the fig tree to blossom should cease,
 And no fruit on the vine should appear;
 Tho' the labour of th' olive decrease,
 And the fields with no meat crown the year;
 From the fold tho' the flocks should decay,
 And no herd in the stall should be found;
 In JEHOVAH yet joyful I'll be,
 In's salvation my joy shall abound.

SONG LXIII.

HO W E' E R despised Christ's people be,
 Howe'er 'midst desert lands they stray,
 Them carefully seek out will he,
 And chearful they'll his voice obey.

2 He'll like a faithful shepherd lead
 Them safe, and keep with tender care:
 With his life-giving truth them feed,
 Where streams of promis'd comfort are.

3 Whatever dangers threaten round,
 From dangers he'll their refuge prove;
 Thus strength in greatest straits be found,
 And none shall tear them from his love.

4 Thro' life and death their guide he'll be,
 (His worth in life and death their boast!)
 "Of these whom thou hast given me"
 (He'll say at last) *Lo none I've lost!*

SONG LXIV.

HA I L! blest scenes of endless joy,
 Where Christ in boundless glory reigns!

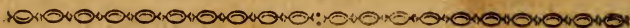
- Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
 But gladness fills the happy plains :
 Free from sin, and free from fear,
 None e'er shall sigh, or shed a tear.
- 2 Ten thousand thousands there shall raise
 Their glad notes, and sing this strain,
 " Wake the song of grateful praise,
 " To the Lamb ; for he was slain !
 " Hosannas, loud Hosannas sing,
 " Hosannas to th' Eternal King."
- 3 There in Jesus' presence blest,
 They fear no death, nor feel a pain ;
 They there shall smile in endless rest,
 Nor dangers e'er shall threat again.
 For Jesus reigns, and they shall share
 With him, in his own glory there.

S O N G LXV.

GLORY unto Jesus be,
 From the curse he set us free ;
 All our guilt on him was laid,
 He the ransom fully paid.

- 2 All his glorious work is done,
 God's well pleased in his Son ;
 For he rais'd him from the dead,
 And he reigns his Church's head.
- 3 His redeem'd his praise shout forth,
 Ever glorying in his worth ;
 Angels sing around the throne,
 " Thou art worthy ! Thou alone !"

4 He will soon return again,
And his saints with him shall reign ;
In this hope they joyful say
Come Lord Jesus—come away.



S O N G LXVI.

O WHY so slow, ye simple, say,
The Saviour's faithful words to hear ?
Why put his coming far away ?

Look up, for lo ! the signs appear.
The time is short, when ev'ry foe
Shall vanquish'd lie, no more to rise :
For Christ shall tread his en'mies low,
While shouts of triumph fill the skies.

2 See nation against nation rise ;
Kingdoms and States for war prepare ;
Distress, perplexities arise,
Men's anxious hearts do fail for fear :
Dire famines waste, and earthquakes rend
The ground, and desolation spread :
The pest'leness rage does wide extend,
And fills the trembling world with dread.

3 That Kingdom for the Clergy rais'd,
(Christians ! yet strangers to the cross,)
Their former grandeur how debas'd !
Their pomp's brought low, their power is lost !
This power consum'd, shall Christ destroy
When in His brightness he shall come :
His people all shall shout for joy,
While the loud voice declares, '*Tis done.*

4 Men mock the Christians' hopes, and cry,
They're idle visionary views ;

They build, they plant, they sell and buy,
 And each his fav'rite scheme pursues.
 See how iniquities abound ;
 The love of many waxes cold :
 Lukewarmness in the church is found,
 And faith's a rare thing to behold.

5 When Lot from Sodom hasted out,
 Till he was safe, God's vengeance staid :
 Then ruin wrapt them round about,
 And all the plain in ashes laid !
 So, when each elect soul's brought in,
 More dreadful vengeance shall devour :
 And those who would not Christ should reign,
 Shall feel the terrors of his power.

6 And sudden as the thief by night,
 Christ unexpected shall appear :
 But let his saints with patience wait,
 For their redemption now draws near.
 " Quickly I come," hear him declare.—
 He comes to bring his people home,
 Let's join the church's ardent pray'r,
Amen ! ev'n so, Lord Jesus come.



S O N G LXVII.

WHY should we give way to vain fears ?
 Why ever ungrateful repine ?
 In God trust, and banish your cares,
 At his word all your sorrows resign.
 Should seas roar, and toss round the world,
 And hills from their bases be torn,
 Or stars from their orbits be hurl'd,
 His people sure need never mourn.

2 The tempest which rolls at his word,
At his bidding sinks instant to rest :
O'er creation's wide bounds he is Lord,
His people he'll save 'midst distress.
Their rock and their fortress he'll prove,
Their strength and their refuge he'll be :
No dangers them ever shall move ;
Their shield and their safeguard is he.

3 He laid the foundations of earth,
And daily upholds by his pow'r ;
He spoke, and the heav'ns had their birth,
By him they're upheld till this hour.
All these shall wax old and decay,
As a vesture be changed they shall :
At his presence they'll vanish away,
And their glories before him shall fall.

4 But God from all changes secure,
No end of his years shall be known :
The same he'll forever endure,
And eternity all is his own !
His glories all infinite shine,
In mercy and justice the same :
His goodness and love how divine !
O ! join to adore his great name.

5 All glory, all honour, and praise,
And thanks to JEHOVAH be giv'n ;
Ye saints your glad voices all raise,
His mercy is higher than heav'n !
To Jesus the Lamb who was slain,
The redeem'd ever raise their glad songs ;
Salvation ascribe unto him ;
For to him all ~~the~~ glory belongs !

S O N G LXVIII.

WHEN God to sinners first displays
The glory of his sov'reign grace,
So wonderful it seems to them
They almost fear 'tis all a dream.

2 Shall sinners, who from day to day
Have spurn'd his grace, and gone astray,
Yet in his boundless mercy share,
And find no reason to despair !

3 And has *the Man, God's Fellow*, dy'd,
And all his justice satisfy'd,—
That mercy might flow free to those
Who, all their life, have been his foes ?

4 Yes, God's well pleased in his Son,
Who all our works for us hath done :
None may for want of worth complain,
Since Jesus dy'd, and rose again.

5 What grace ! what boundless grace is this !
Like God, and God alone it is !
(The vilest in his name may trust)
Whiles he forgives, divinely just !

6 Hence fill'd with rapture, we his praise
In grateful, joyful songs do raise ;
And foes surpriz'd sometimes exclaim
"The Lord hath done great things for them !"

7 Yes, he hath done great things for us,
Whereof we're glad, and glory thus ;

And well we in his work may boast,
For Jesus dy'd to save the lost !

8 O still from Satan's bondage, Lord
Do thou deliverance afford :
As streams enrich the barren ground,
So let thy grace in us be found.

9 And as we need it more and more,
May we still see unbounded store,
Grace, reigning thro' Christ's worth, may we
For us still all sufficient see.

10 For tho' we sow in tears, ere long
No sigh shall interrupt our song !
When Christ in glory shall appear,
We'll, joyful, reap *without a tear*.

11 For Christ the man, with power to save,
Did go forth weeping to the grave ;
And in the earth *this precious seed*
Himself, the grain of wheat, was laid.

12 Now glorious fruit from him doth spring,
Which he'll returning, with him bring ;
In that glad day his ransom'd throng,
Full of his joy, shall come along.

13 He comes ! let all his people say
Amen—Ev'n so—Lord come away !
Soon may thy sheaves be gather'd in,
And thy expected reign begin.

14 For thou shalt reign on earth, and we
Hope Lord to reign as kings with thee :
O may we looking for that day,
Spurn every other hope away.

S O N G LXIX.

MAN like a flow'r at morn appears,
And blooms perhaps a few short years :
The flatt'rer *hope* still leads him on,
Pursuing pleasure, finding none ;
Or, if he finds it for a day,
It soon takes wing and flies away !

2 Oft things which promise passing fair,
Deceive, and yield him nought but care :
Cares ever various, ever new,
Is all the happiest ever knew ;
Comes joy, care with it comes along,
And spoils the syren's sweetest song !

3 See pleasure with bewitching charms,
Man grasps it in his eager arms ;
The vision swift dissolves in air—
He grasps—but finds it is not there !
The airy phantom still he views,
And still as vainly he pursues !

4 A better hope the Christian hears,
Which joyful thro' life's gloom appears ;
Firm on a rock his hope he builds,
Which to no storm nor tempest yields ;
Let earth dissolve—he will not fear,
For why, his hope's not fixed here.

5 He looks to heav'n, where every joy
Is pure, unmixed with alloy ;
Joys such as mortals never knew,
Nor raptur'd fancy ever drew ;
Joys which shall never pass away,
Tho' heav'n and earth shall both decay !

6 Tho' here afflictions do annoy,
 There sorrow shall be turn'd to joy ;
 Tho' troubles here the sigh do raise,
 There's nothing heard in heav'n but praise :
 Pleasures past utterance they share,
 And face to face see Jesus there !

7 And shall the world's deceitful smile
 Us of the glorious hope beguile ?
 Shall we earth's empty pleasures prize,
 And heav'n seem little in our eyes ?
 It must not be—vain dreams away,—
 Let's look for joys which ne'er decay.



S O N G LXX.

THIS day, we call to memory,
 That Christ the Lord for us did die :
 He bore the curse us to relieve ;
 And dy'd, that we might ever live.

2 But death no power on him could have ;
 For death he conquer'd and the grave ;
 And pass'd triumphantly on high,
 Where now he reigns eternally.

3 This day, a sign to us is giv'n,
 That peace is now enthron'd in heav'n ;
 That grace, through righteousness divine,
 Unto eternal life doth reign.

4 Christ now is enter'd to his rest ;
 And we by faith in him are blest,
 With pardon free and heav'nly peace ;
 All flowing from his sov'reign grace.

5 By this, we hope a blest release
From sin and death ; and henceforth cease
To work for life, since Jesus said
With his last breath, *'Tis finished !*

6 Then let us on this holy day
To him our grateful worship pay :
On his eternal worth rely,
And love and serve him chearfully.

S O N G LXXI.

HOW long shall it be, e'er thy saints, Lord, with thee,
As kings and as priests exalted shall reign ?
O when shall the time come that thou'lt bring them all home,
With thee in thy glory for aye to remain.

2 Here ills are abounding, and dangers surrounding,
And sorrows perplexing us, day after day :
But when Christ appears, he will dry up our tears,
O ! Come then Lord Jesus, Come quickly away.

3 No sin shall prevail, no temptations assail ;
No evils be found, no doubts shall remain ;
But joys shall abound, and peace smile around :
And holiness flourish when Christ comes again !

4 No pain's there remaining, nor cause of complaining,
But pleasures unbounded shall flow ever there :
What eye hath not seen, nor our thoughts can attain,
True lasting, and glorious beyond all compare !

5 They'll all join their praises, with joy there to Jesus
And all sing the worth of the Lamb who was slain ;
They'll ever adore him, who lov'd and dy'd for them,
And wash'd their robes white, that with him they might reign !

S O N G LXXII.

HA I L ! hail ! the happy wish'd for time,
When Jesus shall appear :

When the last trumpet loud shall sound,
And all the dead shall hear.

2 They'll burst the bands of death with joy,
And loud Hosannas raise :
In him who lov'd them they'll rejoice,
And glorious make his praise.

3 " Thou ! Thou art worthy " still shall be
The burden of their song ;
" For thou redeem'd us, and to thee
" The glory doth belong."

4 We hope to join the greatful note,
And with loud triumph sing,
" Where ? where's thy vict'ry now, O grave !
" O death ! where is thy sting ?"



S O N G LXXIII.

WHEN pale distress o'erspreads the face,
And dismal fears of death take place,
What then shall soothe the troubled breast,
And give th' awaken'd conscience rest ?

When life is to a period brought,
And all its joys not worth a thought,
What is it then can calm the soul ?
And what our doubts and fears controul ?

2 Men set our worth before our eyes,
And boast the comforts thence which rise ;
A life well spent, they say gives joy,
Which death nor hell can ne'er destroy.

But where's this well spent life they boast ?
God's law once seen, man's worth is lost ;

God's awful justice loud doth sound,
And dash our boasting to the ground !

3 Not our sincerity of heart,
Nor works, nor worth, can peace impart :
At death all these dissolve in air,
Christ's worth alone's sufficient there.

Christ's blood, and only *his* can save,
And make us conquerors o'er the grave :
It death unstings, and shows us how
God can be *just* and *gracious* too !

4 Hence has the weak and tim'rous soul
Been seen to triumph at the goal :
And neither doubt nor terror show,
But joy'd to feel the pulse beat slow.

How have they joy'd in Jesus' name
His worth divine their darling theme !
Thro' that alone expect the crown,
Then smile at death, and mock his frown !

5 Thus when they pass thro' death's dark vale,
In vain do doubts and fears assail !
The Lord is with his people there,
His rod and staff their comfort are.

O when to us these shades appear,
May God our comforter be near,
Make strong our faith as life decays,
And tune our dying lips to praise !

S O N G LXXIV.

WHEN God's own Son from heav'n came
And tabernacled here below, [down
He made his grace and mercy known,
Yet stood expos'd to want and woe !

Despis'd and destitute was he,
 He who the earth's foundations laid :
 Beasts found a shelter, birds a shade,
 He had not where to lay his head !

2 Yet man presumptuous dares complain,
 When sorrows come, or wants assail ;
 Th' Eternal sov'reign they arraign,
 And think his tender mercies fail.
 But why complain, is't not enough
 The servant as his Lord appear ?
 Thro' suff'ring he was perfect made,
 We (suff'ring too) his bliss shall share.

3 O ye of little faith look up,
 See, careless, fly the birds of air,
 Nor barns, nor store-houses have they,
 Yet, ev'n of those doth God take care.
 The very flow'rs which deck the field ;
 And shine more bright than kings e'er shone,
 Tho' soon they fade, yet God them cloaths ;
 Is man forgot then,—man alone ?

4 When Israel out of Egypt came
 By God's strong arm, and wonders great,
 When hunger threaten'd, their faith fail'd,
 " Can God, they said, give flesh to eat ?"
 Ev'n *Moses* ask'd " where shall we find
 " Food for the crouds which here resort ?"
 God check'd his doubts with this reply
 " Say, is your Maker's hand wax'd short ?"

5 Ev'n while they murmur'd he them fed !—
 We have been fed, and murmur'd too ;
 For food and raiment oft repin'd,
 Yet we have been fed and cloth'd till now.

And is his hand now waxed short ?
 Away our doubts and fears away ;
 The lillies grow and birds are fed,—
 His people are nor less than they.



S O N G LXXV.

WHEN Ifr'el sinn'd against their God,
 His awful wrath began to flame ;
 He sent his pow'rful word abroad,
 And fiery serpents instant came ;
 Fierce pain assail'd the guilty host around,
 And all attempts of cure were fruitless found.

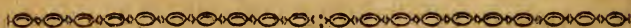
2 When God does wound, there's none but he
 Relief can to the wounded give ;
 'Tis he who sets the captive free,
 And bids despairing wretches live !
 He speaks ; and peace, and gladness fill the soul,
 And mercy flows to man without controul.

3 He said to Moses graciously,
 " Go thou, a brazen serpent make,
 " And on a pole exalt it high,
 " And let the guilty comfort take :
 " Whoever looks to that shall quickly know
 " 'Tis God who wounds, and he does health bestow."

4 But ye redeem'd, lift up your eyes,
 And see, what Moses faintly shows,
 Christ lifted up for sinners dies !
 To save from death rebellious foes !
 Whoe'er, believing, looks to him shall live ;
 Eternal life is his alone to give.

5 The world he came not to condemn,
 As guilty mortals well might fear ;
 But peace and pardon to proclaim ;
 This was his gracious errand here.
 Our works he wrought—and justice satisfy'd,
 For us he groan'd, and in our stead he dy'd.

6 Let the proud boaster vainly think,
 By his own merit God to please ;
 Or that Christ's work is not enough,
 To give the guilty conscience ease.
 May that *alone* for ever be our boast,
 Thro' life our glory, and in death our trust.



S O N G LXXVI.

WHEN Christ in poverty appear'd, [slain,
 Was crown'd with thorns, and scourg'd, and
 Man's understanding was declar'd,
 And all his boasted wisdom, vain.

2 His haughty pride, alarm'd, cry'd out ;
 " Shall this despis'd One, o'er us reign ?
 " By him, who thus inglorious dy'd,
 " Must we the divine favour gain ?

3 " What, shall that worth all men admire,
 " Which we rejoice to call our own,
 " With God be deem'd a thing most vile,
 " And all who trust it be undone ?

4 " Shall he who is all goodness, e'er
 " Our aims to please him thus contemn ?
 " Must we with thieves and murd'ers stand,
 " As much oblig'd to grace as them !"

- 5 That boasted dignity of soul
In which man glories, shudders here ;
Reas'ners, and Pharisees, take arms,
As if God would unjust appear.
- 6 Let them presumptuous still go on,
And glory in their fancy'd worth ;
We'll boast the work which Jesus wrought,
And bearing his reproach, go forth !
- 7 However foolish God's way seems,
'Tis wiser than Man's wisdom far :
More strong is his weak way to save,
Than all their schemes of safety are.
- 8 He scorns the things men most admire,
And chuses what they most despise :
The weak, the mighty to abase ;
The foolish, to confound the wise !
- 9 The vallies rais'd—the hills brought low,
Before him all men equal stand :
To whom he will, he mercy shews,
For none *deserve* it at his hand !
- 10 But Jesus dying said " 'Tis done,"
And God approv'd—this gives relief
Ev'n to the vilest,—for he dy'd
For sinners, and of such the chief.
- 11 Here's worth divine in which to trust,
Whoe'er will boast, come glory here ;
Here God can boundless mercy show,
And yet divinely just appear !

S O N G LXXVII.

THE victim's flesh, without the camp,
Was burnt, as stain'd with sin ;

Whose blood was for atonement brought,
The holy place within.

2 So Christ, that by his blood he might
His people sanctify,
Loaded with guilt, without the gate,
Was led to groan and die.

3 Tho' his pure heart, when tempted much,
Ne'er lodg'd an impious thought ;
Yet sov'reign grace, the sins of all
His people, on him brought.

4 The earthly church, tho' ill they meant,
Did yet conspire to shew,
(By loading him with heinous crimes)
He was the victim true.

5 With crimes their own, not his, they did
The Just One villify ;
With felons vile, they led him forth,
A felon's death to die.

6 Thus the reproaches of our crimes
Against the Highest done,
Not whence they came, fell back ;—but fell
All on the Holy One.

7 But shall we, dare we, join his foes,
By low'ring our esteem
Of him, because he stoop'd so low
Such wretches to redeem ?

8 Nay, rather let us leave the camp,
And unto him go forth,
Bearing our honour, his reproach,
And glory in his worth.

9 Because the sov'reign judge of worth
Hath put the highest price
On his abasement, and hath made
Him Lord of Paradise.

10 Deign'd he to come so nigh to us,
As not to count it shame,
To call us brethren? Should we blush
At ought that bears his name?

11 Nay, let us *boast* in his reproach,
And *glory* in his Cross:
When he appears, one smile from him
Will far o'erpay our loss.



S O N G LXXVIII.

COME brethren, lift up your souls, tune your
And praise the author of your being; (voices,
Th' angelic song the heav'nly host rejoices,
Swift to his praise, to his will still on the wing.
Hail! blest throng,
For your tongue
Still is strung
To the song,
That his mercy endureth for ever.

2 To him who made these glorious hosts, celestial
habitants,
To praise him, and shew forth his glory,
To minister around, as guardians to his saints,
Sojourning in this lower story,
Heav'ns resound
To his name,

With the sound
Of the theme,
That his mercy endureth for ever.

3 To him who inhabits eternity, who made
This beauteous world, and yon glorious heav'n,
Who bade to shine yon glorious orbs which roll
around your head;
And measure out the morn and ev'n,
Whilst ye gaze
On his ways,
Tune your lays
To his praise,
For his mercy endureth forever.

4 To him who from eternity bore us upon his heart;
His love, like himself, is eternal;
Who bare all our sins, and felt the wrathful smart,
From God, wicked men, powers infernal.
For his love,
Most profound,
Still doth move,
Knows no bound,
Yea his mercy endureth for ever.

5 To him that united his god-head to our nature,
When wretched, accursed, abandon'd, forlorn,
Still he's God, still he's man, (mysterious matter,)
Who to own his brotherhood doth not scorn.
The curse he,
On the tree,
Bore that we,
Might be free;
For his mercy endureth for ever.

6 Reviled, rejected, despised, contemned,
Afflicted, yea poor as a beggar,

Persecuted, perverted, arraigned, condemned,
His cordial was gall and vinegar ;
Crucify'd
Twixt two thieves,
There he dy'd,
Who e'er lives ;
For his mercy endureth for ever.

S O N G LXXIX.

WHAT tho' these bodies shall decay,
And moulder into dust ?
What tho' this world shall pass away,
As all its glories must ?

2 Why let them pass,——'Tis nought to us ;
In heav'n our treasure lies ;
Our hope is there——there's all our trust,
Where joys unfading rise.

3 New heav'ns and earth we hope to see,
Where Jesus ever reigns ;
Where nothing hurtful e'er shall be ;
No sorrow,—sin,—nor pains.

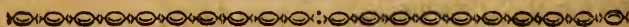
4 Our eyes no more then dim'd with tears ;
No fear shall there be found :
Nor sigh be heard, when Christ appears ;
But endless joys abound.

5 We'll chearful bid these scenes adieu,
Which worldly men most prize :
We've other glories in our view,
Glories beyond the skies :

6 Glories which never shall decay,
 But evermore remain ;
 While endless ages pass away,
 Beginning to begin.

7 These are the times when Christians yet
 Shall bliss unbounded share ;
 Let all who for this mercy wait,
 To meet their God prepare.

8 For lo ! he comes ! Loud anthems raise ;
 Be his great name ador'd :
 May our last theme be Jesus' praise ;
 Our song, " Come quickly, Lord :"



S O N G LXXX.

WE who need mercy every hour,
 And by compassions stand,
 Should shew that mercy to the poor
 Which Jesus doth command :

2 In evidence that we have fled
 For mercy to his blood ;
 To bow'ls of grace, which flow in the
 Compassions of our God.

3 Think what your need of mercy was,
 When all your merit vain
 You saw,—and all mere loss and dung ;
 How sweet was mercy then ?

4 Show forth a sense of all that grace ;
 Regard the widow's plaint :
 With mercy meet the hunger-starv'd,
 Whose faces speak their want.

5 Christ in his members asks your alms ;
Speaks in his brethren's cries :
The widow's wail his language is ;
And orphans sigh his sighs.

6 The lonely widow, desolate,
With chearfulness, relieve ;
The fatherless commiserate ;
Bread to the hungry give.

7 See ! how the husbandman his seed
With lib'ral hand doth sow,
In hope of gladning harvest, when
His barns with wealth shall flow ;

8 So, we a glorious harvest hope :
Sow sparingly no more ;—
We hope to reap eternal life,
A never failing store !

S O N G LXXXI.

COME with united voices raise
Your chearful songs of grateful praise ;
And wide proclaim the boundless grace
Of Jesus, King of glory !

2 He bow'd the heavens, and came down,
And left for us th' eternal throne ;
For all our sins he did atone,
That we might share his glory !

3 He who the heav'ns and earth did make,
Humbled himself ev'n for our sake ;
And did the human nature take ;
Thus vailing all his glory !

4 A man of sorrows he became,
And bore for us contempt and shame,
While he salvation did proclaim;
And pav'd our way to glory !

5 For sinners destitute and poor,
He did God's fiercest wrath endure,
That he our pardon might procure,
And lead us into glory !

6 On him his people's guilt was laid ;
For them he bow'd his gracious head ;
And divine justice frown'd him dead,
E're we could share his glory !

7 Tho' well he knew the dreadful sum
That must be paid, he said, " I come ;"
He shrunk not back, till all was done,
To bring lost man to glory !

8 His work's compleat ! nought wanting found !
Here mercy flows, and knows no bound ;
And all his saints shall yet be crown'd,
To reign with him in glory !

9 O ! let us then with transport raise
Our loudest songs of grateful praise ;
And evermore adore the grace
Which freely leads to glory !

S O N G LXXXII.

THIS is the day on which the Lord
Who loved us, and gave
Himself a sacrifice for us,
Was raised from the grave.

- 2 He brought with him the peace divine
By his own blood procur'd ;
The world can give no peace like this,
By his life well secur'd.
- 3 Death's pangs, about the prince of life,
As waves against a rock
Did dash themselves,—and broken were ;
For he could bear the shock.
- 4 Death could not hold the Son of God,
Nor could that Holy One
Corruption see, whose worth our sins
Could expiate alone.
- 5 The Father resting in his love,
To life the Son hath rais'd ;
As light from fire, so shin'd he forth
From wrath divine appeas'd.
- 6 His merit infinite prevail'd ;
His blood again him brought
From all the wrath our sins deserv'd,
And our redemption wrought.
- 7 The Holy Spirit quickened him,
The first born of the dead ;
And all that power which works in us,
He shew'd first in our Head.
- 8 Then let us hate the sins which caus'd
The dying of our Lord ;
Let us rejoice in him our life,
And in his praise accord.
- 9 God's mercies we will ever sing ;
Good-will gave him to die ;

Complaisance raised him again ;
To reign eternally :

10 He lives for ever as our Priest,
Our Prophet, and our King,
On Zion mount, where glory shines ;
And there he will us bring.

11 Thro' him our access unto God
By faith is bold and free ;
Thro' him the Father's near to us ;
His Sp'rit gives liberty,

12 His life on the right hand of God,
The pledge is of our life,
When he returns again, and ends
The long continued strife,

13 By putting death and all our foes
Beneath our feet, and us
Advancing high to reign with him
In life most glorious.

14 Then let us look for him with whom
Our life is safe and sure ;
And let us die to this vain life ;
And patiently endure,

15 Till he who is our life appear ;
And then shall we with him
In glory shine ; and endless joy
Shall fill our souls to brim.

S O N G LXXXIII.

GLORY to God, now mercy reigns
For ever on the throne ;

And grace flows free, thro' Jesus' worth,
To sinners, who have none.

2 His blood can cleanse from ev'ry sin ;
His worth gives sure relief :
'Twas sinners whom he came to save,
And ev'n of them *the chief*.

3 'Tis not by any worth of ours,
Nor works which we have done,
That God is pleas'd ;—He's pleas'd alone
In his beloved Son.

4 No sacrifice which man could bring,
Could calm the guilty breast ;
But Christ compleat atonement made :
This, only This, gives rest.

5 He is the rock establish'd sure
On which firm hope to build :
Hell's utmost malice threats in vain,
While he's our strength and shield.

6 His work is perfect, and outweighs
Guilt's aggravating load !
Infinite virtue's in his blood,
For 'tis the blood of God !

S O N G LXXXIV.

HOW glorious is thy name
Thro' all the ransom'd host,
O worthy Lamb !—who came, to save
To seek and save the lost !

- 2 Thou art beyond compare
Most precious in our fight !
Than sons of men more fair ; *by far*
And infinite in might !
- 3 Thy perfect work divine
Makes us for ever blest : *most clear*
Here truth and mercy shine ; ~~and the Lord~~
And men with God do rest.
- 4 Thy ways are far above
The ways of men, O God !
Above their thoughts thy love, *extends*
In saving by thy blood.
- 5 Let us count all things loss
That Jesus we may win :
Let's glory in his cross, *for aye*
And leave the paths of sin.
- 6 In him let us rejoice !
Salvation he hath wrought :
Be his commands our choice : *for aye*
For with his blood we're bought.

S O N G LXXXV.

THUS faith the church's Head,
Judge of the quick and dead,
Quickly I come :
Let my redeemed pray,
O Lord ! make no delay ;
Hasten that happy day :
Lord, quickly come.

2 Let us, with one accord,
Shout our returning Lord ;
Welcome him near :
Soon shall he come again ;
Soon shall begin his reign ;
Soon shall his foes be slain ;
Soon he'll appear.

3 Earthquakes and storms attend ;
Rocks, hills, and mountains rend ;
Who shall abide ?
Heav'ns melt, and thunders roar ;
Seas rage and rend the shore ;
Hope sinks, to rise no more ;
Rocks cannot hide.

4 See how the lightnings blaze !
Jefus his wrath displays ;
Vengeance appears :
Lift up your heads with joy,
Ye suff'ring company ;
Now your redemption's nigh :
Banish your fears.

5 Jefus who dy'd for fins,
Now in his glory shines,
Claiming his own :
" Father, I will (saith he)
" Those thou hast given me,
" Should all my glory see,
" Sharing my throne."

6 Well may the ransom'd throng
Make sov'reign grace their song,
Mercy adore :

For all their works are done
 By him who fills the throne ;
 Praise to the Lamb alone
 For evermore.

7 Now shall the scarlet whore
 Shed blood of saints no more ;
 Boasting her slain :
 Now wrath has fill'd her cup ;
 Now she drinks vengeance up ;
 Torments, devoid of hope ;
 Endless her pain.

SONG LXXXVI. REV. xix. 16.

WHEN the King of Kings comes,
 When the King of Kings comes ;
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of Kings comes.

2 We'll see the righteous cause prevail,
 And all debates decided well,
 And all mouths stop'd which lies do tell ;
 When the King of Kings comes.

3 When the trump of God calls,
 And the last of foes falls ;
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of Kings comes.

4 We'll see the saints rais'd from the dead,
 And all together gathered,
 And made like to their glorious Head ;
 When the King of Kings comes.

5 When the Lord from heaven comes,
And the host of heaven comes ;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.

6 We'll see the nations broken down,
Ev'n kingdoms now of great renown,
And the saints enjoy the crown ;
When the King of Kings comes.

7 When this world's course is run,
And the judgment is begun ;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.

8 We'll see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus his poor brethren own ;
When the King of Kings comes.

9 When the foes distress comes,
And the Church's rest comes ;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of Kings comes.

10 We'll see the man of sin destroy'd,
And all his helpers fore annoy'd,
And freedom full by saints enjoy'd ;
When the King of Kings comes.

11 We'll see the New Jerusalem,
It fullness, and its matchless frame,
Surpassing all report and fame ;
When the King of Kings comes.

12 We'll see all things by him restor'd,
 And the Lord alone ador'd,
 By all the saints with one accord ;
 When the King of Kings comes.

S O N G LXXXVII.

WOND'ROUS patience towards them,
 Who do still prophane thy name,
 Thou art shewing ; yet the more
 Thankless we provoke ! therefore
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind !

2 Abused patience, into wrath
 Should be turn'd, all reason faith ;
 And rich goodness still despis'd,
 Should bring us to hell surpris'd.
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind !

3 Yet thy mercy ent'red in,
 Mercy great, forgiving sin ;
 And when sin did much abound,
 More abundant grace was found :
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind !

4 Where *sin* reigned unto death,
 Conquering grace gives life and breath
To love divine,—and Jesus reigns
 O'er the fruit of all his pains.
 What is man that thou should'st mind,
 Such a wretch in such a kind !

- 5 For his foul did travail fore,
To bring forth to God full store
Of living sons, that he the first
Born from the dead, should rule the rest.
What is man that thou should'st mind,
Such a wretch in such a kind !
- 6 Justice saith that we should live,
And to our redeemer give
Tribute due of thanks and praise,
Singing in his righteous ways.
What is man that thou should'st mind,
Such a wretch in such a kind !
- 7 Is it not our service due
To his yoke our necks to bow ?
After him the cross to bear,
Whose cross frees us from all fear ?
What is man that thou should'st mind,
Such a wretch in such a kind !
-

S O N G LXXXVIII.

WHEN I, a sinner, think on death,
It yields me great relief,
That Christ endur'd the cross, and dy'd
For sinners, ev'n the chief.

2 And that he rose, and comes again,
Full fraught with life and pow'r,
To raise our bodies, that they may
Corruption see no more.

3 But I am puzzled still to think,
When all our members die,

How these our spirits, separate,
Can either live or be.

4 Since our souls' life consists in thought ;
How can we further think,
When all our instruments of thought
Are utterly extinct ?

5 Fear not, faith Jesus, follow me,
I past that state before ;
The glory round me to your souls
A clothing shall restore.

6 Your souls departing trust to me,
And to my care commend :
Death's keys I have ; and from it's sling
I can your souls defend.

7 When this your house of earth's dissolv'd,
You shall not naked be ;
A house eternal in the heav'ns
Shall cover you with me.

8 Abundant entrance I'll give you
Into my kingdom bless'd,
There present to abide with me,
Of heav'nly house possess'd.

9 Think how the moon's opacous globe,
And how the planets bright,
A being have among the orbs
Who minister the light.

10 Do they not shine, by dwelling in
The bright, the living rays,
Which that resulgent orb, the sun,
Thro' all the world displays.

- 11 So you by me, the fount of light,
The fun of righteousness,
As lesser lights, with borrow'd rays,
Shall shine in holiness.
- 12 Our body's absence is no loss :
For, saith his faithful word,
That absence fully is supply'd
By presence with the Lord.
- 13 Our mortal shall be cloath'd upon
With immortality ;
Mortality shall swallowed be
Of life eternally.
- 14 And in due time, when loos'd from death,
Our bodies also shall
Within these mansions, near the Lord,
Reside thro' ages all.
- 15 While in this house then, let us live
Unto the Lord, that when
He comes in glory, we with him
May *ever* live.—AMEN.



S O N G LXXXIX.

SEE the bright morning star,
Shoots his beams from afar,
And ushers the day from on high !
Now the night flees away,
Now the shadows decay,
And the morning of glory draws nigh.

2 O ye Christians keep guard,
That ye be not o'erpow'r'd,
With surfeits, and cares of this world ;

Stand ye fast and be strong,
Midst the foes you're among,
Till vengeance on them shall be hurl'd.

3 Then exalted on high,
Like the stars in the sky,
In glory forever you'll shine;
For the Saviour you'll see,
Who expir'd on the tree,
Ev'n Jesus the man all divine.

S O N G X C.

TH E Lord, the Saviour reigns,
Praise him in lofty strains,
He reigns above;
Nought can his kingdom shake,
Nor ever from it take
His Father's love.
The powers of earth and hell,
With wrath and anger fell,
Because his brethren tell,
Their Lord is King.

2 But all their mighty noise,
Can't marr his people's joys,
In him their King;
Angels with them combine,
And all together join,
Of him to sing;
For he's their only light,
Of God the image bright,
And he shall rule with might,
Eternal King.

3 His foes do fret in vain,
His pow'r he will maintain,

As Lord of all :

He soon will rend the skies,
With vengeance in his eyes,

And crush them all ;

The saints shall then appear,
Their Lord's own likeness wear,
Deliver'd from all fear,

By Christ their King.

4 That day will soon arrive ;
By faith then let us live,

In Christ our Lord ;

Nor care for poverty,
But joy because that he

Gives us his word.

That when he comes again,
All who the fight maintain,
With him on earth shall reign ;

For Christ is King.



Hark whence y^t sound hark, hark, if joyful shouting
See, see what splendor spreads its beams around us,
Turning dark midnight into noon tide Glory,

As it approaches.
With pomp majestic sue of heavenly Vision,
Slowly descending, whilst attending Angels
Pour acclamations, & celestial Chanting,
Wake our Attention.

See, no type Shepherd, 'tis the Prince of Peace come
Full of compassion, full of Love & Pity,
Bringing Salvation, for all sorts of Mankind

For all his People
Go pay your homage to your infant Saviour,
Laid in the Manger, view the Lord of Glory,
Nearly attended, yet the Great Redeemer,
You Stars shall guide you

Give God the Glory, join the Host celestial,
Peace upon Earth now, & good Will towards men,
Rejoice from just Terror to hope of Life eternal
Through a Mediator.

Many impressions of his boundless Mercy
Ever remind me, of my grate, but Duty!
Sweet the Employment, to proclaim his Goodness,
And sing his Praises.



E L E G I E S.



E L E G Y I.

WHAT is our life in this vain world?
At best, but as a taper,
Which shines away—We blaze a while,
Then vanish like a vapour.

2 Vain are our cares, as vain our hopes,
And boastings of to-morrow :
We mind not, that, thro' sin, we're born
To trouble and to sorrow.

3 The breath of life is still expos'd
To many thousand dangers ;
And death is sure : the case know well,
Nor to the cure be strangers.

4 Incline the ear and come to me ;
Your souls shall live in hearing :
Your life is hid with me in God,
Reserv'd to my appearing.

5 Fear not, I am that living One,
Who unsting'd death by dying :
Take up your cross, relieve the poor,
Me follow, self-denying.

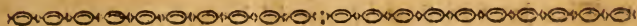
6. For see, I live for evermore,
 From death's hand to receive you,
 To reign in endless life with me :
 My word shall ne'er deceive you.
- 7 Then, death, where is thy sting ? O grave,
 Where is thy mighty conquest ?
 Thy sting is sin ; its strength the law :
 The cross thy pow'r hath vanquish'd.
- 8 Our souls to thee we do commend,
 Lord of the dead and living :
 In life and death we'll cleave to thee ;
 None perish thee believing.



E L E G Y II.

- W**RAPT in the shades of death ! no more
 That friendly face I see ;
 Empty, ah ! empty every place,
 Once so well fill'd by thee.
- 2 What made thy comely presence dear,
 My heart with sorrow swells ;
 Yet what endear'd thee most entire,
 With us forever dwells.
- 3 The truth divine did live in thee ;
 That truth shall never die ;
 What breath'd sweet odour from thy lips,
 Embalms thy memory.
- 4 He dwells in God who dwells in love ;
 Yet echoes round thy grave ;—
 Blest they, who thee, eternal God !
 Their habitation have.

5 Here's room for us ; we'll mourn in hope,
 Lament with thankful voice ;
 Lo ! quickly comes the Lord, to give
 His church unfading joys.



E L E G Y III.

AS billows roll to meet their fate,
 And break upon the shore ;
 So rolls that billow, human life,
 So breaks, and is no more.

2 Hush'd in the grave, life's busy dream
 Disturbs no more thy breast :
 There empty glitt'ring joys no more
 Conspire to thwart thy rest.

2 Nor sin, nor future cares, invade
 That land of long repose,
 Where rest and mortals meet at last,
 And are no longer foes.

4 Calm is the deep, and smooth the sea,
 When hush'd from ev'ry breeze ;
 So calm the mind, so smooth the soul,
 When ruffling passions cease.

5 Stretch'd in the grave, our last retreat,
 You view at distance there
 The vain pursuits of busy man,
 And finite at human care.

6 Bless'd be the grave whose earth contains
 What's dear to Jesus' breast :
 Let ev'ry soul whom Jesus warms
 Pronounce the relics blest.

7 A time shall come, when life shall yet
Revive this mould'ring clay,
And these clos'd eyes shall yet awake,
And Jesus' form survey.

8 The dead to flatter, would be vain,
Or speak in praise of dust :
For *that* is all that's found of man,
Or human pride at last.

9 'Tis not my task with flatt'ring tongue,
Thy virtues to commend :
The man whom never spot deform'd,
Was never Jesus' friend.

10 Heav'n in rewarding Jesus' worth,
Thy merits shall unfold ;
Enough for thee—*that Jesus died* ;
And so thy bell is toll'd.



E L E G Y IV.

THOU sacred word of matchless might !
O Word of truth divine !
Bless'd be the day when first thy light
'Mong men began to shine.

2 Aside from thee, where shall we look,
Whose lives are but a span ?
Nothing is found in nature's book
Like hope for *dying* man.

3 Eternal darkness must have held
Uninterrupted sway ;
Had not that darkness been dispell'd
By thy all-chearing ray.

- 4 Why then's thy sacred light and bliss
Despis'd by great and small ?—
Because the love of darkness is
The common taste of all.
- 5 But happy, happy 'tis for man,
Thy light still shines abroad ;
That still thy page displays the plan,
And grand designs of God.
- 6 Then tell us, sacred word, when shall
The Lord's redeem'd arise ?
When shall they hear his powerful call,
To meet him in the skies ?
- 7 When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
His dead the sound shall hear :
And rising from the tombs below,
Shall meet him in the air.
- 8 But deign, O sacred Word, to say
If he Man's sorrows feels ;
O what concern protracts his stay ?
Why stop his chariot-wheels ?
- 9 'Tis a concern of boundless grace
And great good-will to man ;
Long suffering patience stops his pace,
'Till he completes his plan.
- 10 'Till all the many sons, with whom
The son of God took part,
Shall in the fight of faith, like him,
Learn lowliness of heart.

11 Conform'd to him by his employ,
In shame, reproach, and thrall :
Like him, before the cup of joy,
First taste the cup of gall.

12 O then ! quick as the light'ning darts,
Shall Jesus soon appear,
And heal his people's aching hearts,
And wipe away each tear.

13 The man whose mem'ry we revere,
Drank deep in sorrow's cup,
And learn'd by disappointments here,
Far better things to hope ;

14 Like the first foll'wers of the Lord,
Whose lives and doctrines he
Admir'd and copy'd ; and their word
To speak was bold and free.

15 This bus'ness made him many foes,
Few friends and scanty bread,
And scarcely found he at life's close
A place to lay his head.

16 Yet he complain'd not, nor repin'd,
But ever kept in view
That matchless humbleness of mind
Which God's dear Son did shew.

17 Patience and hope on ev'ry side,
(His comfort and his stay)
Did surely join, his steps to guide,
Else he had lost the way.

18 But patience with the cordial word
 Refresh'd his memory,
 He talk'd of joys with which the Lord
 Rewarded his on high.

19 When hope and patience deign to guide
 Man in the narrow way ;
 With ease they'll in the path abide ;
 Far from it never stray.

XX
 E L E G Y V.

OUR Elder and our faithful friend,
 Who was by us so much belov'd,
 Death now, from all the ill's of life,
 To endless glory hath remov'd.

2 To speak his praise is not our theme :
 All praise and glory ever be
 To him who taught his heart to know
 God's boundless grace and mercy free.

3 Led by th' unerring hand of him,
 Who giveth grace to whom he will ;
 He rose from Babel, to bring forth
 Christ's captives, and his word fulfill.

4 Trembling at that enduring word,
 The ancient Christian order he
 Reviv'd ; and now, Christ's little flocks
 In order, as at first we see.

5 Before these flocks he chearful went
 In faith and fervent charity :
 In patient suff'ring, joyful hope,
 And self-denied humility.

- 6 No lordship o'er the flocks he claim'd ;
Their God he led them to revere ;
To all God's words regard to shew,
And of none else to stand in fear.
- 7 The love of Christ inflam'd his breast
With love and tender care alway,
To all who seem'd to love that truth,
In which his joy and comfort lay.
- 8 Oft did his bosom swell with grief,
When he their wants and troubles knew ;
And, like a tender-hearted friend,
His love in deed and truth did shew.
- 9 The ease and pleasures of this life
And all its boasted honours vain,
With chearfulness he did forsake,
The truth of Jesus to maintain.
- 10 Bold as a lion he appear'd,
When for that truth he did contend ;
For this no face of man he fear'd ;
But would oppose his dearest friend.
- 11 Much, much contempt and false reproach,
He did for it with joy endure ;
As knowing whom he had believ'd,
And that his word stands ever sure.
- 12 The blessed, heavenly, glorious hope
Of endless life, thro' Jesus' cross,
Was the great prize he had in view,
For *this* he counted all things loss.
- 13 Ev'n in old age, when others fail,
He still in rich fruits did increase,

Until his course was fully run,
And then—his latter end was peace.

14 The world was crucify'd to him,
And he to it was crucify'd ;
By faith of Jesus Christ he liv'd,
And in the faith of him he dy'd.

15 Let us, dear brethren, follow him,
As he the Lord did follow still ;
And shew that we remember him,
By studying *his Master's* will.

16 And tho' we mourn, let's mourn in hope,
Our friend, tho' dead, shall rise again ;
Shall rise in glory, and with Christ,
Forever and forever reign.

F I N I S.



I N D E X.

MOST of the Songs in this Book are in what is called Common or Long Metres ; the Lines of the former contain Eight and Six Syllables alternately ; and those of the latter all Eight, and Four Lines to each Verse. No Singer needs be at any loss for Tunes to these, as there are many Psalm and Song Tunes for such Metres. It may be observed however, that some of the Scots and English Song Tunes answer a few of them well, such as the following,

S O N G S.

VI. *Roßlin Castle* ;—*Coming through the Broom* ; and the *Bogino*.

VII. *She rose and let me in* ;—*A Dawn of Hope*.

XI. XVI. and XLII. *Gilderoy*.

XIII. *Logan Water*.

LVIII. LXII. and LXVII. *Tweed-side*.

XXXVII. *Gallant Grabams*.

LXXIV. *Birks of Invermay*.

The *Flowers of the Forest* and *Sweet Annie*, answer well to many of the Long Metre Songs. The rest are to particular Tunes, as follows.

Song XV. As the *Old 112 Psalm*, a new Tune to the *113 Psalm* ;—*Birmingham* and *Oakham Tunes*.

XIX. *Gaberlunzie Man*.

XXIII. *Alloa House*, and *Yellow Hair'd Laddie*.

XXVII. *Busy Fly*.

XXVIII. As the *15th*.

- XXXI. *Love is the Cause of my Mourning.*
 XXXVI. *As the 23d.*
 XXXVIII. *As the 23d, or Braes of Balendean.*
 XXXIX. *New 50th Psalm Tune.*
 XL. *Waters parted from the Sea.*
 XLVII. *Let Ambition fire thy Mind.*
 XLIX. *Black Ey'd Susan.* *
 LIV. and LVII. *As the 47th.*
 LX. *Leander on the Bay.*
 LXIV. *Hail Green Fields.*
 LXV. *Easter Hymn (Christ our Lord is ris'n
 to Day.)*
 LXIX. *As the 15th, or Thirsty Fly. or Greenfield*
 LXXI. *Flowers of the Forest.*
 LXXV. *As the 49th.*
 LXXVIII. *Gallasbiels.*
 LXXXI. *And thou wert my ain Thing.*
 LXXXIV. *Lafs of Patie's Mill.*
 LXXXV. *Fame let thy Trumpet sound.*
 LXXXVI. *Carle an the King come.*

E L E G I E S.

- I. *Gypsy Laddie.*
 II. *Isle of Kell—Low down among the Broom.*
 III. *The Highland Laddie.*
 V. *Gallant Grahams.*



An Ode by Sir Henry Wotton. Written
his Sicknes
About the year 1620 in Janu^y.

O thou great pow'r in whom I move
Exist and live, to thee I cry,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
While on this couch of tears I lie
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Son's blood the bath of sin.

No hallow'd Oil,* no Grains† I need
No rage of Saints,‡ no purging fire,
One crimson drop from David's seed
Is worlds of seas to quench thine ire.
That precious ransom when once paid,
Tis done, tis finish'd, then was said.

And said by him who said no more:
What seal'd it with his dying breath
Oh Thou! who hast expung'd the score
And dying wast the death of death,
Be to me now (on thee I call)
My life, my strength, my joy, my All.

* Oil. [Extreme Unction.
† Grains. [The Host or Sacrament.
‡ Rage of saints. [Merits of the saints
* Purging fire. [Purgatory

In the original Ode the Twelfth line runs thus
The con^{firmation} it was said (english
or above)

89. Tempest of War
 56. Coquette. 67. to the same / 840
 68. Easter Hymn, or Crown 47. 54. 57. to 4th
 64. Gate of Aberdeen. 67. to 1 same
 66. St Martin's Gild
 51. The Bird
 60. Lying Lover, or British Groundier
 14. Virginian
 21. Gate take Four's Tobacco Box
 6. ~~Gate take Four's Tobacco Box~~ 47. 54. 57. to 4th
 20. The British Wife
 1. Hizz - Lovely
 61. The Seas are Deep
 30. Cradle Hymn

Thorne

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Thurman

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